

JAMES MILTON RACER,
Editor and Publisher

Entered at the Post-office at Berea, Ky., as second-class mail-matter.

THE CITIZEN.

July 4th Number

Circulation 2,000

VOL. V.

A Family Paper

BEREA, MADISON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, JULY 2, 1903.

One dollar a year.

NO. 2

IDEAS.

Work alone gives value to rest.
The brave man is not afraid of being called a coward.

A hard head may go with a tender heart.—RAM'S HORN.

Kicking in the church comes very near to cursing the Christ.

TAKE NOTICE.

The notices given for opening of the fall term of Berea College have been incorrect. Fall Term opens September 16.

FROM THE WIDE WORLD.

Four violent earthquake shocks at Erlau, Hungary, did considerable damage.

It is believed that the gold standard will be adopted by Mexico not later than January 1 next.

The Kings of Italy and Roumania and President Loubet, of France, sent congratulations to King Peter of Servia.

Plans have been arranged for a ship canal between the Firth of Forth, on the east of Scotland, and the river Clyde, to cost \$50,000,000.

Five cotton gins have been received at San Juan, Porto Rico, from the United States the first for 40 years. They will be put in operation at once.

IN OUR OWN COUNTRY.

William A. Havemeyer, Chicago representative of the sugar trust, is dead.

At the Yale Law School New Haven, Conn., commencement the highest prize was taken by a negro and the highest honor by a Chinaman.

President Roosevelt has agreed to send to the Czar of Russia a petition begging that the condition of the Jews in Bessarabia in Russian territory be made bearable.

New York.—Over one thousand immigrants were landed at Ellis Island on Sunday. They came on the Patria and Furnessia, and were mostly from Italy and nearby countries.

Sir Thomas Lipton, who has come to this country from England to make another attempt to win the American yacht race cup, has been in Washington and lunched with President Roosevelt at the White House.

The New England Conference Tuesday began a two days' celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the birthday of John Wesley, the founder of Methodism. Representatives are present from the Northern, Southern and Canadian branches of the Methodist church.

As the result of the Post-office investigation during the past week, Machen and the two Goffeys have been indicted again; also Geo. E. Lorenz and wife for being "go-betweens," Ex-Representative Driggs for accepting a fee while a member of Congress, and J. V. Miller for paying Driggs.

COMMONWEALTH OF KENTUCKY.

Wolfe county oil lands are said to have advanced 50 per cent in price in the past ten days.

The Board of Works of Louisville ordered the construction of seventeen blocks of new streets, to cost \$80,000.

Lightning struck a church in Nicholas county, and several persons were injured in the panic which followed.

Church services were held at night in Jackson, Breathitt county, last Sunday for the first time in many months.

Warrior Wallin, a saloon-keeper at Crab Orchard, was found dead in his bed the other morning. The town was recently voted dry.

Riley Brock, who married Dora Clay, the child wife of Gen. Cassius M. Clay, was run down and killed by a train at Long View, Ill.

Gov. Beckham has set Friday, July 24, as the date for the executing of O'Brien and Whitney, the murderers of A. B. Chin, at Lexington.

Welch & Bales, oil men, have purchased leases on 20,000 acres of land in Jackson county. Only the Standard Oil Co. holds more land in this county.

Rear Admiral Silas Wright Terry, who was appointed to the Annapolis Naval Academy from Kentucky in 1858, will soon visit his old home at Cadiz in Trigg county. He served with distinction in the Civil War, the Red river expedition and the war with Spain, and now commands the battleship Iowa.



Being the 128th year of our independence.

HONOR OF THE MOUNTAIN PEOPLE.

Article 4. The Battle of King's Mountain.

At the time of the Revolution the mountain region was already tracked by frontiersmen and hunters, who were the ancestors of many of our present mountain people. It is well to remember that Lexington, Kentucky, was named after Lexington, Mass., because at the time of its founding the news of the Revolutionary battle at Lexington, Mass., had found its way to this far-off frontier. It is well known that Daniel Boone and his brother Squire were camping in Madison county just before the outbreak of the Revolution. Boone's Fort stood on the Kentucky river at the northern boundary of what is now Madison county, and was a good specimen of the forts built by the settlers to protect their families from the Indians. In this fort he was actually besieged by the Indians, who were commanded by a British officer, and who summoned Boone and his friends to surrender in the name of King George. So that Madison county, Kentucky, may claim the honor of being the scene of one conflict in the Revolutionary War.

The mountain men in general fought for the Independence of their country by fighting the Indians, for it was the policy of the British to stir up these savage forces to attack the Americans. The sufferings and the heroism of the frontiersmen of the mountains, whose settlements already extended along the western edge of the mountains of Kentucky and Tennessee, are a part of the noble annals of the Revolutionary War.

But aside from this warfare against the Indians, the mountaineers struck one of the most decisive blows which led to the final defeat of Cornwallis and the independence of America.

It has only been in somewhat recent years that historians have discovered the importance of the battle of King's Mountain. This was a battle fought by the mountaineers, in which they defeated the British army and drove Cornwallis toward Yorktown, where he finally surrendered.

The story has been told by a number of historians, and we can tell at this time only a few things about it, as they appear in President Roosevelt's "Winning of the West." In the second volume, Chapter IX, is an account of the battle of King's Mountain, which occurred on the 7th of October, 1780.

It will be seen that this battle was a turning point in the war. The Bri-

tish had recaptured Georgia and reduced all South Carolina to submission and marched into the "Old North State" (North Carolina). Cornwallis had a force of British, Hessians, Tories and Indians. His two best officers were Tarleton and Ferguson. Tarleton did his work with brutal ruthlessness; his men plundered and ravaged, maltreated prisoners, outraged women and hung without mercy all who were suspected of turning from the loyalist to the whig side. His victories were almost always followed by massacres. Ferguson, on the contrary, showed a generous heart, and treated the inhabitants of the country fairly well.

(Continued.)

A DESTRUCTIVE FIRE

Visits Paint Lick, Causing a loss of \$40,000. Supposed to be of incendiary origin.

Paint Lick, in the edge of Garrard county, was visited by a very destructive fire early Tuesday morning. Between two and three o'clock the rear of the store of B. A. Estridge was discovered to be on fire, but after using every means at hand four of the principal business buildings were in ashes.

The heaviest losers: W. C. Fish &

Co., general store; B. A. Estridge,

store, Peoples Bank; and Burnam & Rucker, grain and feed elevator.

Besides these firms there were in the buildings a drug store, saddler shop, barbershop, telephone exchange and doctor's office. The total loss is estimated at from \$10,000 to \$45,000, while the insurance foots up to only about \$11,000. It was with extreme difficulty that the fire was kept from communicating to the dwellings in the rear of the burning stores.

The fire is supposed to have been of incendiary origin, as the rear of the building where the fire first caught seemed to have been saturated with coal oil. The scene Tuesday afternoon was one of desolation. Practically only two stores are left in the little village, those of Moore & Shank, and Jennings & Lackey. The future plans of those most interested have not yet been made public.

The Kentucky Chautauqua.

The seventeenth annual session of the Kentucky Chautauqua will be held at Woodland Park, Lexington, June 30 to July 10, inclusive. One of the best programs ever offered will be given. The detailed program will be mailed to any address upon application to Charles Scott, Business Manager, Lexington, Ky.

It will be seen that this battle was a turning point in the war. The Bri-

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Pay in dollars and cents.

Pay in satisfaction with the goods themselves.

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We aim to please.

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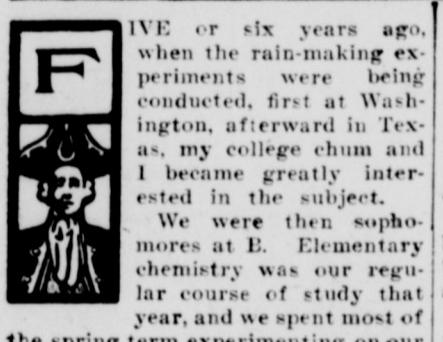
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IVE or six years ago, when the rain-making experiments were being conducted, first at Washington, afterward in Texas, my college chum and I became greatly interested in the subject.

We were then sophomores at E. Elementary chemistry was our regular course of study that year, and we spent most of the spring term experimenting on our own account and exploding a vast number of gas balloons.

The spring term closed on June 26, and all the boys went home, except my chum Jarvis and myself, who, in consequence of spending so much time experimenting, had been "conditioned," and had a week's hard work to make up in our Greek.

Rather than have it hanging over us all summer and into the next year, we agreed to do it at once and have done with it. Permission was accorded to us to go on living in our rooms at the hall, and the resident professor in Greek consented to give us an extra examination.

It was dreadfully hot during the last four days of June, but we toiled away with Greek grammar and lexicon, hoping to get home for the Fourth of July; and we should have done so, but our Greek professor ate too much cantaloup on the day set for the examination, and thought for 48 hours he had appendicitis.

It proved to be no such serious trouble, but it hindered our plans. The professor was not able to examine us till the afternoon of the third, so we could not possibly get home for the Fourth.

Jarvis was furious.

"Confound cantaloup!" he grumbled. "And confound a professor that doesn't know better than to eat it! No use to start now. We couldn't get home!" he raged on. "I won't spend the Fourth in a railway car! Let's stay here and shake the old town up! Let's send up a balloon at midnight! We'll make it rain here to-morrow!"

Rather an incendiary sentiment, the reader will say, but we had been shut up with Greek for six long, hot days.

We had access to the laboratory in Chemistry hall, where we had our balloons, and generated the oxygen and hydrogen gas for exploding them.

There was a quantity of cotton cloth, paper and glue, which had not been used; and that evening we made a balloon ten feet in diameter, which we succeeded in charging, outside the window, with oxygen and hydrogen from the laboratory retorts, in the proportion of two to one, that being the formula by which the two gases unite to produce water—and a particular ear-splitting explosion.

We finished the balloon, and had the gas generated at a little past 11 o'clock; and then, after charging a large Leyden jar from the static electrical machine, we started out to astonish the quiet little town, and usher in the Fourth of July.

We had a large ball of strong manila twine and a spool of small copper wire, the ends of which were attached for a spark at the base of the balloon.

We led our balloon, like a frisky colt, along the lane at the rear of the chemistry building, and out across the campus to the edge of the pine woods. Then we let it rise.

The night was very dark and still, but clouds had risen in the north and west, and there was a frequent glow of lightning in that quarter.

"There's a shower coming!" Jarvis exclaimed, as the balloon began its ascent. "We shall have to make haste."

But as yet there was not a breath of wind stirring; the balloon had risen and hung directly overhead, and was pulling hard at its restraining string.

We knew from past experience that when the electric spark acted on the two gases the explosion would be something tremendous; but we thought that at a height of 800 or 900 feet, out there by the woods, no damage would follow.

And perhaps none would have followed, if all had gone as we planned, but Jarvis had a great deal of trouble connecting the wires. He was

bothering with them for some minutes.

Then suddenly the first gust of the oncoming shower struck us.

What followed came quickly. The balloon swayed over before the wind. Down it bowed until the cord strung out far astern.

"Good gracious!" I cried, holding hard. "She'll get away from me, Jarvis! Touch her off quick, or she will break away!"

In the darkness we could not see just where the balloon was, or what it was over.

But the next moment we saw! Jarvis had managed at last to connect the wires and touch off the balloon.

There came a sudden blaze and a tremendous detonation, as if the whole town had cracked clean down through the center of the earth!

The shock bowled us both over, and we heard a crash of timbers following the report. The thing had exploded about 30 feet over the barn and shed of a worthy inhabitant of B., who lived near the ball grounds, and kept a lazy horse which he hired to the boys at such high prices that they had nicknamed him "Old Gripe."

"We've done it now!" gasped Jarvis, as he scrambled hastily to his feet. "That's Old Gripe's barn!"

But that was not the worst. Shreds of the burning paper and cloth from the balloon must have fallen among hay and straw, for even as we stood staring in that direction a bright flame shot up from the building.

The only thing left us now was to run to the house and shout: "Fire!" That we did with a vengeance, and soon roused the fire department; the new steam engine and two old hand "tubs" responded.

Through their united efforts, aided considerably by the shower which soon began to pour copiously, the old man's house was saved from the fire, but the barn and shed and an old buggy were consumed.

Jarvis and I were greatly worried, and, indeed, were on the verge of honorable confession of our act; but now, I am sorry to say, to our relief, we found that it was the unanimous opinion of every one, including the fire department and the owner himself, that the barn had been struck by lightning! For everybody in town had heard what they believed to be an awful clap of thunder!

Jarvis nudged me in the crowd, and we went home to talk it over. We had very little spare cash, and disliked exceedingly to go home, own up to such a prank, and try to get \$250 each from an unsympathetic father. "Chum," said Jarvis, with a downcast look, "this is a pretty low game, I know, but hadn't we better let well enough alone—for awhile, at least?"

It was a terrible temptation, and I have to confess that, after a great deal of internal agitation, we surrendered to it.

There was \$300 insurance on the barn, but the loss was estimated at \$500.

We never mentioned the matter to each other during our two remaining years in college, for we were far from rich; yet I knew by the way Jarvis would look at me once in awhile that he was thinking of it, and trying to discern how I felt.

But we said nothing. Directly after our graduation Jarvis went out to Hawaii, and I did not see him for three years; but we wrote every month or two.

I knew that we should have to settle for the damage before we could feel right; still, I did not like to open the subject to Jarvis, for I did not know exactly how he was situated. It transpired that he felt the same way about it as I did; but the sense of dishonor wore him out first.

"I say, Jack," he added, as a postscript to his letter last New Year's day, "Gripe's old barn is pretty heavy on my conscience. Hadn't we better fix that up? In equity it will be a matter of \$300, interest and all, which we owe to the Phoenix company, and \$260 to Gripe; \$225 each. Hadn't we better do it?"

We squared up the long-standing "conscience account" last month; and thus—after six years—ended our effort to make it rain in B. on the night before the Fourth of July—*Youth's Companion*.



THE republic of the United States may be said to date from the adoption of the Declaration of Independence. Until this time the 13 struggling colonies, rent and torn by internal jealousies, without a clearly recognized leader and having no treasury or mint, scarcely knew what they desired of the mother country.

A very obstinate king and a decidedly shortsighted prime minister denied the very reasonable demands made by the patriots. Two or three battles had been fought between the royalists and revolutionary troops, but a very strong and influential party within the colonies still believed that all differences might be harmoniously adjusted and that the former status could be restored. In the number of representatives in the congress at Philadelphia were several members who had hoped for a change of heart in George III.

The declaration, when adopted, changed everything. As soon as it became the unanimous expression of the representatives of the people, who had full powers to act for their constituents, not a doubt was left in the minds of any. It was understood thenceforth that the war was to be one of subjugation, or that it should end in the independence of the colonies.

The subsequent events were secondary to this great and heroic action on the part of the congress. The articles of confederation, the adoption of the federal constitution and the election of an executive head were necessary and logical results of the casting off of allegiance to Great Britain.

The leaders in the movement, Adams, Franklin, Jefferson, Hancock and the others, understood fully the gravity of the act.

They knew that from the standpoint of the crown every representative who signed that document was guilty of treason and might be hanged for the offense. They knew that in the day of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence a nation was born, or that humiliation and degradation would be the lot of the participants in it.

These brave men did not act hastily. They had counted the cost. They had no precedent for action, and no encouragement of success from the pages of history. Similar struggles for release from tyranny usually had resulted in the forging of heavier chains. They lacked harmony in domestic affairs; they needed money, clothing for their troops and money to pay them their due. In effect they had no capital except a sense of the righteousness of their cause and an abiding faith in the loyalty of the colonists to the cause in which they had engaged.

The words "liberty," "independence" and "free" must have sounded strange in the ears of the people of Europe in that day. In Great Britain the press was muzzled effectually. The common people of the German states were scarcely more than slaves; Russia was a despotism; Italy was composed of a number of petty sovereigns, each vying with the other in crushing out the liberties of its subjects; Spain and Portugal had not heard the words before, save in derision. Poland was then engaged in a dying struggle against oppressors from without. France was in the mine of ignorance and tyranny.

Nowhere in all of the world could the framers and signers of the Declaration of Independence see the light of that liberty which they sought to give to their people. They were as people groping in the dark in a country that was strange to them. Yet nowhere in this immortal document is there a suggestion of doubt or fear. The justice of the cause is set forth in words that burn, and the determination of it is left confidently to the issues of fate.

The declaration is a great light rising out of infinite darkness. It was the first promise of a rule of the people by the people, where no tyranny might be found, and where the highest distinction awaited the worthiest, without reference to the accident of birth or the power of wealth. It

was a new gospel of government, the like of which had not before entered the hearts of men—a gospel of peace and good will, of non-aggression and of highest possible development for the individual man.

The Fourth of July, then, is the birthday of the great republic. All honor to the fathers who had the sublime courage to frame and to sign the declaration. From the hour of the signing of it liberty had a new name and a fresh sweetness. The execution of the document signed and sealed for all time the divine right of liberty of the person and of a people to govern themselves by laws of their own enacting. May the anniversary of it always be hailed with joyous acclaim and by every outward manifestation of enthusiasm.

WILLIAM ROSSER COBB.

THE INGLORIOUS FIFTH.

Illustration by H. C. T. T. for "The Inglorious Fifth."

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THE CITIZEN.

The Home

JENNIE LESTER HILL, Editor

COTTAGE CHEESE.

To make good cottage cheese the milk should not be allowed to become too sour, but should be used when it first becomes thick. Heat the milk in the pan or crock in which it soured so as not to break the curd by pouring from one vessel to another. To set the vessel containing the milk in a pan of hot water or in a rather cool oven is a better way of heating than to set it directly upon the top of the stove. By placing upon the top of the stove the bottom of the milk becomes too hot before the top is heated at all. The milk should be heated to 100 degrees, if you have a thermometer to test it, or to a very little more than blood heat, if you must judge by the feel.

When it has been heated enough, pour into a strainer made of thin cloth and drain off all the whey. Turn into a dish and season with salt and a little pepper, if liked. Stir in enough sweet cream to moisten, and serve cold.

The cheese should be soft and creamy. It will be hard and tough if the milk is heated too long or too hot.

A pretty change may be made by adding less cream to the cheese, moistening it only enough to shape it into egg-shaped balls, and then piling these in a nest of fresh lettuce leaves.

HOME MADE CHEESE.

Cheese is such a nourishing article of food and so easily made at home, now that rennet is put up in the convenient form of powder or tablets, that every one who can spare three gallons or more of milk occasionally ought to learn to make it. It is less trouble to make than butter, and is a most excellent summer substitute for meat, being very rich in muscle making food value. A cool spring house is an excellent place for ripening the cheese after making, but a cellar may be used. Potatoes should not be stored where cheese is ripening or the cheese loses flavor. Some of the finest and highest priced cheese is always ripened in a limestone cave.

In one of our cooking classes this last spring we made pressed cheese twice, and both were of superior quality. Next week we shall give the directions by which they were made. The small rennet tablets were used and they were obtained at Albert Koch's store, Bernstadt, Ky. They came in packages at fifteen cents each, and each package contains enough tablets to make up a thousand pounds of milk into cheese.

The School

JOHN WIRT DINSMORE, Editor

THE STORY AND THE STORY-TELLER.

By LUCINE FINCH, Chicago.

(Continued from last week.)

The Farm

SILAS CHEREVER MASON, Editor

How to Improve Mountain Farming.

The first of the series is by Mr. Early and is entitled:

RELATION OF THE FOREST TO THE FARM.

(Continued from last week.)

The most noticeable harm which a heavy water supply does is that of washing the soil. Where the woods have been cleared from the hill-tops and large up land fields exist, and the rainfall is heavy, there is nothing to break the rainfall nor to retard its erosive influences; it carries away large quantities of rich soil, leaving poor land which in such a state is washed and gullied so much that it can not be farmed with profit, and consequently is allowed to revert to its wild state.

The forests on these hills are the only thing by which the farmer can control his water supply. The forest growth breaks the fall of the water and the roots in their penetration of the soil allows freer percolation of the soil. This is the water supply which seeping slowly down through the ground feeds the springs and saves the corn when the hot dry days of summer come.

The realistic and historical stories come at a later stage in the child's growth. The myths, so full of spiritual significance have even more subtle qualities than the fairy-tale, and so take the more developed mind to grasp their intrinsic value.

And the telling of the story is almost as important as the story itself. First of all, the story-teller must have a great fund of sympathy with her audience, and with her story. She must be dramatic in telling her story. It must mean a great vital thing to her, that will make her cheeks flush and her eyes shine with the varying humors of the story.

She must be natural and simple and yet animated and full of keen interest; and last, but oh, so far from least, she must select the essentials that are worth telling, avoiding detail that has no bearing upon the plot.

If she has all this within her she will be charming indeed, and we would all gather about her and sit quietly intent during any story she would choose to tell.

DISTRICT SCHOOL LIBRARIES.

(Continued from last week.)

List No. 2.

1—Same as 8 last week	\$.28
2—Rollo at Work	.60
3—Seven Little Sisters	.50
4—Stepping Stones to Literature	
No. 2. Price about	.35
5—Open Sesame, No. 1.	.30
6—Robinson Crusoe	.25
7—Black Beauty	.25
8—Uncle Tom's Cabin	.25
9—Beautiful Joe	.25
10—Any one of Carpenter's Geographical Readers	.60
11—Easy Steps for Little Feet	.25
12—Seven American Classics	.50
13—Baldwin's Fairy Stories and Fables.	.35
14—Little Nature Studies for Little People by Mary E. Burt. Pub. Ginn & Co. Price	.25
To this add a 4¢ song book or two published as No. 8 in list 1.	.08

\$5.01

The list of good books is too long to be published in any one issue of THE CITIZEN, but I add a few that I can thoroughly recommend.

Swiss Family Robinson; Little Men, Little Women, Spinning Wheel Stories (Louisa Alcott); King of the Golden River (Ruskin); Eggleston's Stories of Great Americans for Little Americans; Ten Boys Who Lived on the Road from Long Ago to Now; The Eye Readers; The Stickney Readers; Chilhowee Boys; Carrots (Mrs. Molesworth); A Wonder Book (Hawthorne); Five Little Peppers; Wild Life Under the Equator (Paul du Chaillu); In Freedom's Cause (Henry); Kingsley's Greek Heroes; Eddie: Her Book, Her Daughter (Anna Chapin Ray); Hans Brinker and the Silver Skates; Laddie; Boys of '61 (Coffin); Story of Patay, The Birds Xmas Carol (Kate Douglas Wiggin); Hosier Schoolmaster (Eggleston); Derrick Sterling (Kirk Monroe); Boots and Saddles (Mrs. Custer); The Stories Mother Nature told her Children (Jane Andrews); Tale of Two Cities (Dickens); Ivanhoe (Walter Scott); Girls Who Became Famous (Sarah K. Bolton); Little Arthur's England; Anderson's Fairy Tales; Stories from Homer (A. J. Church); Play-ground Tom (Anna Chapin Ray); Tales from Shakspeare (Lamb).

But one must stop somewhere, and when any one library has half of these books I shall be glad to suggest more.

ELIZA H. YOCUM.

The trees not only on the hill tops but along the division fences and water courses not only serve moisture by their shade and root penetration but are otherwise a source of wealth to the farm. They temper the winds of summer and winter; they afford a shelter for live stock; and they are the source of the fuel supply of the farm.

It is seldom that these forest covered hills are fit for the cultivation of any other crop, so in order to be thoroughly economical the farmer must keep them devoted to forest growth.

The forest grows to be cut and to be utilized. It is a crop to be harvested. It is a crop which if properly managed does not need to be replanted—it reproduces itself. But in order to do this all young growth must be zealously protected; fires should be earnestly guarded against, and the grazing of livestock when such is necessary should be done by fencing off a portion of the wood land and allowing the young trees to become too large for browsing.

The woodlot is not only the guardian of the farm but it is a savings bank from which annually a large interest may be drawn. The woodlot does not require much attention. It is a means with which to improve the odds and ends of time especially during the winter when all other work is at a standstill. From a large woodlot is furnished to the farm all the material for repaires and fencing besides the fuel supply of the farm, saving to the farmer each year a large sum which very few farmers ever really take into consideration.

It is for those farmers who have a good growth of valuable young timber to protect it, it is not only a protection to their farms but it is a rich legacy which they as the present manager of the forest can leave to their children.

The Panama Canal Treaty

Is Expected to be ratified by the Colombian Within Ten Days.

Special to The Citizen.

Washington, D. C., June 30, 1903.—According to cable advices received by Dr. Harras, the Colombian Minister, the prospects for ratification of the Panama canal treaty are decidedly more favorable than a short time ago. The Colombian Congress has assembled and organized. Several of the members who have heretofore been opposed to the treaty have signified their intention to vote for ratification. The opinion is expressed in the cablegrams that the treaty will be ratified within a week or ten days. Secretary Shaw of the United States treasury has intended for some time to go to Europe, but suddenly changed his mind, and this is believed to be due to the improved prospect for ratification. As soon as the treaty is ratified and copies exchanged it will be necessary to pay over \$50,000,000, \$10,000,000 to Colombia and \$40,000,000 to the Panama Canal Company. It is asserted at the Treasury Department that this entire sum can be paid without drawing on the reserve now deposited in the banks. The gold reserve is now over \$150,000,000, and as \$100,000,000 is regarded as ample for safety there will be no objection to paying the surplus for the canals.

The Present Need.

It is a cheap saltness which neglects the present need for the hope of future acquisition. What if there be aggrandizement of Mammon and reaction against any commercial success, as though thrift and industry were a high crime? Shall these unhealthy symptoms lead us to a useless and artificial religion and encourage a worse and bitter brand of atheistic socialism?

Never should this be allowed, for whatever our civilization's fabric, it comes from the loom of God or he is not sovereign of the past ages.—Rev. Dr. S. P. Cadman, Congregationalist, Brooklyn.

Growth of Christianity.

I do not believe there ever was a time, taking the country through, when more persons were churchgoers and church members than today. And yet there are people who daily insist the churches are going to the dogs, that religion is on the decline and that the world is plunging hopelessly to its destruction. The man who believes that is ignorant of the religious history of our country. Instead of that being true let me say that there never were such good times as these, and we ought all to thank God that we live in them.—Rev. Frank M. Goodchild, Baptist, New York.

Not Mysticism, but Mystery.

From the search for the inner secrets of nature and the movements of natural law no more remarkable manifestation of the intellectual activity of man has occurred than the quest for himself, because the unfolding of nature has revealed to man that he himself is but a portion of a plan infinitely vaster and greater than himself. It is this self seeking inspiration which is the peculiar intellectual effect of Christian teaching in the world. It is not mysticism, though it is a mystery. Its power is in and through an ever upward moving spiritual development which when it utterly loses itself completely finds itself in the fullness of the knowledge and the life of God. Its example and its dynamic inspiration is Jesus Christ.—Rev. Dr. A. A. Berle, Congregationalist, Chicago.

RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.

Gems Gleamed From the Teachings of All Denominations.

One of the most potent agencies employed by God for the spread of the gospel has been the testimony of Christian experience.—Rev. Dr. Adams, Methodist, Brooklyn.

Power of the Christian.

Every Christian, by virtue of the inward Christ, professes to have a power that makes him superior to the winds and tides of life.—Rev. Dr. Goodell, Baptist, Brooklyn.

God's Intense Love.

Why should we fear when we have God's intense love? It is when we depart from the true teachings and holy word of Jesus Christ we ask, "Is life worth living?"—Rev. Dr. Robbins, Episcopalian, Albany, N. Y.

The Safest Thing.

One cannot live for character and fall. Purity is the safest thing in the world. As we keep our faces toward the ideals of life that we find in Jesus Christ we shall have victory over ourselves.—Rev. Dr. Swift, Methodist, Chicago.

Church Discipline.

The parent is responsible if he does not put forth proper effort to restrain his child. The church is censurable if it allows its members to violate the Sabbath or be profane or intemperate.—Rev. T. H. Acheson, Presbyterian, Denver.

The Ultimate Fact.

The character of Christ is the ultimate fact of Christianity. It is the central citadel of our faith. Who Jesus was and what he was are questions which have not lost their interest for mankind.—Rev. H. M. Sanders, Baptist, New York.

The Crowning Work of God.

Gods wants men, the state wants men—everybody likes men. Man is the crowning work of God. It has taken all these years to bring man up to this state of efficiency, providing him with a temporary home here. Think how he loved us!—Rev. F. A. Gray, Universalist, Nashua, N. H.

Working Through His Followers.

Christ is working through his followers. He has promised victory to the faithful and warned us against the burial of talents. God uses those who are counted worthy. He never offers a higher seat to those who are not worthy of a lower one.—Rev. Dr. William J. Holtzclaw, Baptist, Atlanta, Ga.

Revelation Confirms Nature.

Christianity is the natural religion of man and is therefore in harmony with all the laws of his being and state. Nature confirms the revelation. Christianity is only nature's theology. All things are Christian by the right of eminent domain, filial reverence and response.—Bishop Hamilton, Methodist, San Francisco.

Advantages of Christianity.

Why is it that Christianity can give us some advantage over all that nature has been able to do before? Simply because it imparts a new nature. It is an organism, having a life of its own. And it develops a new type of character. What is it after all that governs your actions? Your sympathies.—Rev. A. C. Garrett, Episcopal Bishop of Dallas, Tex.

Dangers of Unbelief.

How is it possible to succeed in Christian work if we give way to unbelief? Our best efforts are limited, and our faith is limited in its operations because of the conflicting doubts which arise and disturb, irritate and weaken and cause to fall. The Divine Master was hindered in his work because the people did not believe. Do we not sometimes perform our religious duties as though we doubted their usefulness? As though we doubted their usefulness? The perfunctory performance of any duty bespeaks weakness and suggests failure.—Rev. Dr. Adams, Methodist, Brooklyn.

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MEANS OF SUCCESS.

CHEERING WORDS BY LADY SOMERSET TO TEMPERANCE WORKERS.

Noted Englishwoman Points Out Means of Success For the Crusade of the Twentieth Century—Drink's Evil Graphically Portrayed.

Lady Henry Somerset has this to say in the New York American regarding the twentieth century temperance crusade:

There has never been a time in which any battle for reform was fought when those who waged the war were not accused of hurting their own cause, when they were not told that instead of waiting for the community to come to their views and endeavoring to remove prejudice and ignorance by patient explanation and fair argument, by taking what they could get and leaving what they could not, they were trying to replace common sense by zeal and that enthusiasm was getting the better of sagacity.

Such charges have been uniformly laid against the reformers of all ages, but I believe that in the end history shows that all popular movements must be led by those who fear nothing and who have nothing to gain.

Centuries ago it was Confucius who placed courage above wisdom and executive capacity and who said that a leader must be a man who is not only capable of forming plans, but fearless in executing.

For years we have been told that the temperance reformer is reform's worst enemy. But I believe that the work that has to be accomplished and that is being accomplished is the true stepping stone to success, and that work is to rouse the slumbering conscience of the nation.

In order to accomplish this we must demonstrate untiringly how great is the evil, unfalteringly reiterate how vast the responsibility the country bears that upholds so great a curse as the organized liquor traffic and unflinchingly demonstrate that the principles upon which it is based are opposed to the principles of Christianity that we profess.

Hitherto we have had splendid laborers who worked incessantly to create, but only now have we those who can in any way construct foundations upon which the real reformation can be built.

We now stand at the beginning of a new century, nearly a hundred and fifty years after the commencement of the battle for temperance in England, and must ask ourselves: "Why is it that today so little progress is made? Why are there so few signs of real reform?"

The reason is, I think, that while the nation has slept the enemy has sown tares, and these have taken deep root in our financial and political life.

We have today the humiliating spectacle of the facts that brewers practically hold the balance of power, and the organized influence of the liquor traffic throughout the country is the greatest menace to our political liberty, and we have no hope whatever of any real reform except as pressure shall be brought to bear from the country at large.

HE WILL NOT VACATE.

Judge Redwine Refuses to Leave Bench During Special Term.

Assassination of Cockrell and Cox, Burning of Ewen's Hotel and Other Arson Cases and Attempt Bribery Will Be Investigated.

Jackson, Ky., June 30.—Considerable surprise was created Monday by an announcement from Circuit Judge Redwine that he will not vacate the bench during the special term of court called for next week. The special term was called in order that a special grand jury might investigate the assassination of Jim Cockrell and Dr. Cox, members of the Cockrell faction who were assassinated prior to the killing of Marcus. Dr. Cox was killed in April, 1902, and Cockrell in July of the same year. The assassin of Cockrell fired the shot from a room in the courthouse while Dr. Cox was killed as he passed a stable owned by Judge Har- gis.

The burning of B. J. Ewen's hotel and other cases of arson and the attempt to bribe Ewen to perjure himself during the trial of Jett and White will also be probed at the special term.

Judge Redwine, in making his announcement, declared that the clamor from the outside for a special judge was untimely and based on a misconception as to the exigencies of the situation. He said that he believed it to be his duty and to the best interests of justice that he remain on the bench and not throw the responsibility on the shoulders of some one else. It has been generally understood that Judge Redwine was requested by Gov. Beckam to allow a trial judge to sit during the coming special term. A similar request made by the governor prior to the Jett and White trial did not reach Judge Redwine until after the investigation was begun.

A prominent merchant who arrived in town Monday decided to announce his return home after the fashion favored by many Jackson residents when they are in exuberant spirits. He pulled his pistol as he stepped off the train and was about to puncture the heavens with a fountain of bullets. The quickness of the Jacksonians on the trigger was no avail. A sentry of the provost guard was quicker and grabbed the gun before the merchant could shoot. The offender was taken before Police Judge Cardwell, who imposed a fine of \$25 and costs for carrying concealed and deadly weapons.

THE JURY SECURED.

Eight Witnesses Examined in the Knapp Murder Trial.

Hamilton, O., June 30.—Eight witnesses were examined Monday afternoon in the trial of Alfred A. Knapp for alleged wife murder. The jury was completed at 11:30 o'clock, and the statements of counsel occupied the session until noon. It is evident that the defense will try to upset the confessions made to Mayor Bosch, the sheriff and police, as Lawyer Darby asserted in his opening speech that Knapp absolutely denied all knowledge of his wife's death, and would continue to do so regardless of any possible testimony by the state. The witnesses examined were Charles Goddard, Edward A. King, Mrs. Charles Dattile, Mrs. McElroy, William Sterritt, Mrs. William Sterritt, Arthur Shellenberger and Charles Millspaugh. No new facts are brought out, but the identification of the body was established by Goddard and King, and it was proven that soon after his wife's disappearance, Knapp began to dispose of her goods and to tell people that she would never return. Millspaugh, who saw Knapp with a wagon at the river, was on the stand when court closed.

PHYSICAL EXAMINATIONS.

Candidates for the Naval Academy at Annapolis Passed.

Annapolis, Md., June 30.—The following candidates of the naval academy have passed their physical examinations and were sworn in as midshipmen:

A. J. Butt, Alabama; J. H. Klein, Jr., Ohio; H. B. Lebourgeois, Louisiana; W. A. Lipstate, Texas; H. W. McCormick, Florida; C. E. Montgomery, Kentucky; C. A. Jones, West Virginia; B. R. Lombard, Mississippi; P. H. McCreery, Arkansas.

A Family Tragedy.

Altoona, Pa., June 30.—John C. Larr, farmer, 75 years old, while temporarily insane, attacked his wife with a butcher knife while she was in bed. He stabbed her four times, inflicting fatal injuries. He then attacked his son Justin with an ax, but the son overpowered him after a struggle and took the weapon from him. The son ran from the house and informed neighbors. On returning he found that his father had hanged himself to a tree near the house. He was dead when cut down.

The Electrical Engineers.

Niagara Falls, N. Y., June 30.—The 20th convention of the American Institute of electrical engineers opened Monday. In his annual address President C. F. Scott said the institute had increased 44 per cent in membership last year.

Refunding of Bonds to Cease.

Washington, June 30.—Notice was given that after July 31, 1902, no bonds will be refunded for the amount of funding by the treasury department under the terms of department circular No. 54 of date of March 26, 1902.

CHARGED WITH BIGAMY.

Lieut. W. K. McCue, United States Army, in Trouble.

Chicago, June 30.—Lieut. William K. McCue, of the United States army, has disappeared with a charge of bigamy hanging over his head, and a deserted bride of two weeks mourns his absence and fears he has committed suicide. The bride was Miss Viola Simon, of San Francisco, who married him after a courtship of less than a fortnight. She is now in this city waiting for money with which to return to her father's house.

About the time the lieutenant was bidding his bride good-bye Monday morning and telling her that he would soon return a woman in Cincinnati, who says she is his wife, informed the chief of police there that he had contracted a bigamous marriage. She said her marriage took place while McCue was an enlisted soldier stationed at Fort Thomas.

The exposure was brought on when Lieut. McCue asked his new father-in-law to send cards announcing the wedding to the woman in Cincinnati who now claims to be his wife. She has been living there under the name of Ida Westcott, and had corresponded regularly with McCue until 1900.

McCue and his bride arrived in Chicago nine days ago. She said Monday that he told her they were going to Fort Porter, N. Y., where his regiment had been assigned to duty.

Mrs. McCue said Monday night:

"When my husband left Monday morning he said he was going to get his pay and transportation at army headquarters. I waited until noon and then went to see Gen. Bates. My husband had not been there, and then I feared the worst."

The deserted bride's father is Sig mund L. Simon, who has been cashier and bookkeeper in the sheriff's office in San Francisco for 25 years. Mr. Simon communicated with Chief of Police O'Neill Monday through the San Francisco chief, and arrangements are making to send Mrs. McCue to San Francisco Tuesday.

A few minutes before midnight Lieut. McCue returned, saying that he had spent the day at Fort Sheridan. The bride, in the meantime, had left the hotel and up to a late hour McCue had not been able to find her. He positively denies the charge of bigamy.

After his return to the hotel Monday night Lieut. McCue was told the exact nature of the charge against him. He made the following statement:

"I never was married to Ida Westcott, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding. My courtship with Mrs. McCue was not a hasty one. I met her in San Francisco before I went to the Philippines. I have a ten days extension of leave from Washington, which does not expire until July 1."

IN CASE OF THE POPE'S DEATH.

Two Regiments Are to Be Kept Ready to Proceed to Rome.

London, June 30.—Although the health of the pope is much improved, the Italian government, so as to be prepared for any eventuality, has ordered two regiments in the province to be kept ready to come to Rome and reinforce the garrison in the city, so that the authorities will have a sufficient force to maintain order and insure the liberty of the "conclave" should it become necessary to hold one. If the cardinals, as after the death of Pius IX., decide to meet at the vatican, the government will surround the palace with a cordon of troops to prevent any attempt against the freedom of the conclave and also the removal of valuables from the vatican during the interregnum, as was customary before 1870.

SECRETARY SHAW.

He Will Attend the 200th Anniversary of the Birth of John Wesley.

Washington, June 30.—Secretary Shaw left Washington Monday night for New York, and Tuesday proceeded to Middletown, Ct., to attend the celebration of the 200th anniversary of the birth of John Wesley by the Wesleyan university in that city. It is understood the university will confer on the secretary the degree of LL.D. It is not likely that the secretary will return to Washington until after his family sails for Europe on July 4.

Young Corbett Won the Decision.

Boston, June 30.—Young Corbett, of Denver, Col., champion feather weight of the world, won the decision over Jimmy Briggs, of this city, in their ten-round bout at the Criterion club Monday night.

Will Visit Lookout Mountain.

Chattanooga, Tenn., June 30.—Senator M. A. Hanna Monday wired Lookout Inn to reserve apartments for him at the hotel on Saturday. He will spend the Sabbath there en route to Thomasville, Ga., it is understood.

Validity of Soldiers' Claims.

Havana, June 30.—The radical wing of the revolutionary veterans at Havana have petitioned congress for the immediate appointment of a congressional committee to pass on the validity of the soldiers' claims.

Machinists and Manufacturers.

Pittsburg, Pa., June 30.—The machinists and manufacturers Monday discussed in conference the compromise scale for the coming year and settled all disputes except that of the 10 per cent advance in wages asked by the men.

Broke All Records.

Cleveland, O., June 30.—Lou Dillon Monday afternoon broke all records for a mile to wagon for trotters, going the distance in 2:04. The race was at a matinee of the Gentlemen's Driving Club at Glenville track.



A WAYSIDE SERMON.

Two Drunken Men on Sidewalk Show How People "Step Around" the Liquor Question.

A Youngstown (O.) paper relates a pitiable incident which marred the serenity and peace of a recent Sunday morning:

"As the throng of worshippers were on their way to a certain church, they were obliged to either walk round or to step over two drunken men prostrated at full length on the sidewalk."

The wording of the news paragraph is most significant. One might search long and find no more suggestive text. It classifies graphically the attitude of society towards the evil of intemperance—the individuals who "walk round" and those who "step over" its victims. The phraseology of the item seems to exclude the third class (who should have paused to lift the fallen men), perhaps because on this occasion, as on so many others, it had no representative.

The incident epitomizes the widespread tragedy that goes on day and night—the great highways of life strewn with the victims of the liquor traffic; the unfeeling procession, a well-defined class who make no pretense to "good Samaritanism," but who carelessly "step over" human wrecks, even using them as stepping-stones to their own success and wealth. Somewhat in the back-



WHISKY DID IT.

ground, anxious to be concealed, and the throng who "walk round" the deplorable social evils, a great host seeking circuitous routes in order to avoid that which might appeal to their sympathy or their judgment. In this crowd are the men who never permit themselves to look this great moral issue squarely in the face, the men who will not throw away their votes on a mere matter of principle, the men who consider it bad form to be known as outspoken advocates of total abstinence.

The utter futility of these efforts to dodge an unpleasant duty, is apparent. These startling, disquieting texts, these illustrated wayside sermons, obtrude themselves at every corner, facing one often on the threshold of one's home, not needing the grace of oratory to brand themselves on one's memory, but haunting day-dreams and night-dreams.

The only sure way to free oneself from the disturbing influence of a sermon is to eradicate the evil thing that necessitated its utterance. Never will the great vice, which defiles society to-day, be removed until men and women are equipped with a perfectly adjusted compass of Christian duty, whose magnetic needle of Christlike love shall guide them straight towards that evil which is destroying their brothers, regardless of the fact that it may guide them as it did their Divine Maker, into places of hard, distasteful service.

Union Signal.

ITEMS OF INFORMATION.

A monument to the memory of Hale Johnson is to be erected by his friends to mark his grave at Newton, Ill.

Mr. Isaac Brandt, of Des Moines, Ia., is one of the pioneers in temperance work, having joined the Good Templars in 1856 and the Washingtonians in 1870.

The Unitarian Temperance society of the United States met at King's Chapel, Boston. The speakers united in denouncing the saloon as the chief cause of sin and misery in the world.

Major Broxton, of Bremerton, Wash., has notified the navy department that all saloons will be removed from the city and no more licenses issued. So the navy yard will remain at Bremerton.

Gen. Coronat, commander in chief of the French troops in Indo-China, is making especial effort to suppress drunkenness among the soldiers. He expresses his regret that warnings concerning the serious effects of drinking habits upon the health are not heeded.

The British government has ordered an inquiry to be made into the working of the canteen system in the army, at the present time and during the South African war. The investigation is expected to show whether the canteen, which is conducted on a propaganda plan, is of moral and pecuniary benefit to the British soldiers.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson in the International Series for July 5, 1902—Israel Asking for a King.

THE LESSON TEXT.

1. And it came to pass, when Samuel was old, that he made his sons judges over Israel;

2. Now the name of his firstborn was Joel; and the name of his second, Abiah; they were judges in Beer-sheba;

3. And his sons walked not in his ways, but turned aside after lucre, and took bribes, and perverted judgment;

4. Then all the elders of Israel gathered themselves together, and came to Samuel unto Ramah;

5. And said unto him: Behold, thou are old, and thy sons walk not in thy ways; now make us a king to judge us;

6. But the thing displeased Samuel, when they said: Give us a king to judge us;

7. And the Lord said unto Samuel: Hearken unto the voice of the people in all that they say unto thee; for they have rejected me, which chose you to be a king over them;

8. According to all the works which they have done since the day that I brought them out of Egypt, in that they have forsaken me, and served other gods, so do they also unto me;

9. Now, therefore, hearken unto their voice; howbeit yet protest solemnly unto them, that they shall not make you a king over them;

10. And Samuel told all the words of the Lord unto the people that asked of him a king;

11. **LESSON TEXT.** — Prepare your hearts unto the Lord, and serve Him only.—1 Sam. 8:1-10.

OUTLINE OF SCRIPTURE SECTION.

Moses foresees the kingdom, Deut. 17:14-20. Israel in Samuel's time...1 Sam. 16, 8 and 7. The demand for a king.....1 Sam. 8:1-5. Samuel protests but accedes...1 Sam. 8:6-22.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Moses foresees the Kingdom.—At the close of his long life Moses called the Israelites together and delivered to them the statutes and judgments by which they were to conduct their lives and the affairs of the nation in the land into which they were about to enter. In the course of these instructions Moses foretold that after the nation was well settled in its new home it would declare: "I will set a king over me, like as all the nations that are about me." When this turning point in the national life should occur, Moses went on to say, whatever the circumstances Israel was to make "him king whom the Lord thy God shall choose," and this king was to be a brother, that is an Israelite, and not a foreigner. This king should not keep great stables of horses wherewith to make a great display, nor marry many wives who would turn his heart from his people and his God, nor gather together inordinate riches, but he should write down a perfect copy of the law and should "read therein all the days of his life that he may learn to fear the Lord" and to obey implicitly "to the end that he may prolong his days in his kingdom, he, and his children, in the midst of Israel."

Israel in Samuel's Time.—Chapters 4 to 7 inclusive of 1 Samuel are largely occupied with the remarkable story of the loss and recovery of the ark of the covenant. The Jews, as appears from the record, had come to neglect Jehovah and to follow after the worship of strange gods, called Baalim, and particularly of one called Ashtaroth. They did adhere to the true religion in a formal way, but even that adherence was superstitious and impious. When the Philistines came against them it is related that the Jews had the two wicked sons of the aged Eli bring the ark of the covenant into the field of battle, thinking that the emblem of Jehovah's care would save them from defeat. Not only did defeat come, but even the ark was lost. However, it only brought plague and disaster to the cities of the Philistines. Restored finally to the Jews it was not until put into the keeping of one sanctified that it meant blessing for community or nation. This incident gave Samuel the opportunity to call back the Israelites to the fear of the true God, for which purpose the Israelites were assembled at Mizpeh. The Philistines, fearing this great gathering was for the object of throwing off the Philistine yoke, precipitated matters and were defeated.

The Demand for a King.—Twenty years rolled by with Samuel still judge, though latterly exercising his powers through his two sons. These sons, like Eli's, did not follow in the upright ways of their father. So the Israelites complained of the miscarriage of justice. It occurred to them that the fault was in the system. Why not have a king instead of a judge? So they came to Samuel demanding a king on the ground of his age, of the wrong-doing of his sons, and because to have a king was the custom of all the other nations. We can only note very hastily that though displeased Samuel prayed to God over the matter. God showed Samuel that the Jews had not rejected Samuel but God. They had come to Samuel to have him name the king, so constituting Samuel the "power behind the throne." But they had not considered the righteousness of their demand, nor indeed the natural consequences. So upon God's command Samuel acceded to the cry for a king, but warned them that a human king was not only liable to failure, but would surely yield to the temptation to abuse the power intrusted to him.

Stress makes strong.

Proverty often paralyzes piety.

The restless are not likely to be religious.

God fights our foes without if we fight those within.

Corruption in the heart tarnishes the crown on the head.

The sun that bleaches sanctity whiter tans sin darker.

The world needs a pure-thought crusade more than one for pure food.

The man who gives to advertise his charity has no charity worth advertising.—Ram's Horn

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DUMITRAS TERRA

WHEN CINDA SWEEPS.

When Cinda sweeps, within the lamp's clear beam,
Just mellowed by a shade of porcelain.
Around her chestnut head soft shadows dream.
Spun by the elfin fingers of the night,
The moths, with silvery wings, come wavering in.
The open door, through which some late red rose
Pours fragrance rich; and all is calm and fair.
When Cinda sweeps.

When Cinda bakes, what odors as from isles—
Of clove and citron float upon the air.
And in the pantry-oh, what witching piles!

Of dusty rolls and frosted tarts are
A dream of far-off eastern light and warmth.
In some strange wise she mingles in her cakes;

Some subtle atmosphere the kitchen fills
When Cinda bakes.

When Cinda sweeps—Ah me! The dismal tale
Is almost more than my poor pen can tell.

The cloudy waves and billows that do gall
About my ears, my spirits crush and quell.

Poor rapid drops his arrows right and left—
Distractedly, the Muse turns blue and weeps.

And, sniffing flies away to dry her eyes,
When Cinda sweeps.

—Hattie Whitney, in Good Housekeeping.

The Trouble &
on the Torolito.

BY FRANCIS LYNDE.

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CHAPTER IV.

RECONNOITERINGS.

I wore out the first day of Macpherson's absence—sitting in the shade of the ranch house, and moving only as the sun compelled. There was healing in the thin, crisp air, and I went to bed at nightfall to sleep as I had not slept for months. On the second day I ate like a famished wolf, and the siren hope began to grow, the song so familiar to the ears of the consumptive. Once more I made the slow circuit of the ranch house, hitching my chair in opposition to the sun; and the foothills across the valley beckoned me. In the heel of the afternoon, Andy came out to peel the potatoes for supper, and I inquired the distance to the bucking hills.

"Mile and a half, 'r' maybe two." "Is there a horse in the corral that a sick man might ride?"

Andy took time to consider. "I dunno," said he. "There's old Bluenose—he's wind-busted; want to try him."

"Yes; if you can spare the time to saddle him for me."

In five minutes the bronco was at the door and the kindly desperado heaved me bodily into the saddle.

"Reckon you can stick on?" said he. "I guess so. Does he buck?"

"They all do, if you give 'em time to study about it. Give him his head and run him a mile 'r' so, if you can stand in. That'll take the funny-business out o' him."

I did it, and being but a sorry horseman, must have presented a spectacle for gods and men in the mad gallop across the valley. So far from showing signs of exhaustion at the mile-end, the bronco locked his jaws on the bit, swerved aside from the slope of the hill which I had counted upon as a speed-reducer, and was half way to the head of the valley before I could get weight enough on the bridle-reins to pull him down. When he realized that I desired to stop, he promptly shot me over his head into a patch of sage-grass and went his way without me. Whereupon followed a series of maneuvers looking to re-possession, and at the end of it the sun had gone down on a luckless caballero four miles from camp, too weary to walk, and unable to re-capture his mount.

I flung myself down under the lee of a huge boulder and wondered if the bronco would be considerate enough to send some one after me by going back to the ranch riderless. It seemed doubtful. His final disappearance had been over the hills to the northward, into the midst of the chance-weighting same—the best of hoofs on the crest above me, and presently I saw the figure of a horseman silhouetted against the sky on the hilltop. It was Kilgore, and while I looked he came down the hill at jog-trot. Fifty feet from my boulder the pony stumbled, and horse and man came down together. Kilgore rose cursing, and kicked the bronco to its feet.

"Blame your or'inary hide! Cayn't you lif them ther' feet o' yours when you see a dog-hole? Now then, what's the matter with you?"

The horse jerked its head free and limped a few paces up the hill, stopping presently with its muzzle to the ground, pointing as a trained bird-dog might. The range-rider stopped to pull up a freshly driven stake and read the marking thereon.

"X-16-2; that's some o' their blame' engineerin' lingo, I reckon. I'd like to git my lariat 'round the neck o' the fell'r th't's a stakin' off this yere rise. I'd show him what hit feel like to git th'owed."

He flung the stake afar, and leaving the bronco to its own devices, sought and found the line of the ditch, following it and destroying the engineer's landmarks for a good half-mile. When he returned he found me holding the pony, and went away accordingly.

"Well, I'll be dad-burned! Where did you fall from, 't's what I'd like to know?"

"From the back of a certain ill-conditioned beast named Bluenose. He pitched me off and ran away. I'm too weak to walk; do you suppose you could catch him for me?"

"Catch nothin'! I'll show you a trick worth two o' that. Just lemme boost you across this yere grasshopper o' mine and we'll ride and tie you do the ridin' and I'll do the tyin'. Blame' if you hain't got your sand with you to git up out of a sick-bed and make a stagger at ridin' a cow-pony. Easy, now, of' buckin'; we're a-runnin' an' amb'lance from this on."

Ordinarily, Kilgore was reticence personified, but on the four-mile jaunt to the valley-throat he talked against time, and very dull listener could have seen the drift of it, which was to bury the stake-pulling episode as deeply as possible. But I would not let him go without his warning.

"I saw you pull a lot of the land company's stakes, Bart," I said, when the ranch lights were in sight. "I'm afraid you'll hear from it."

"What'll they do to me, d'y'e reck-on?"

"Nothing, I presume, because they won't know who did it. But it'll make trouble for the captain."

Kilgore plodded on in silence for a full minute before he replied: "Reckon so? I'll be dad-burned if they do. I'll go pull up some more in the mornin' and cyar' em up yonder to His Jags' camp. Blame' if I don't."

When we reached the ranch house Macpherson had come home and was about to start out in search of me. I took my scolding like a guilty schoolboy.

"You ought to be thumped," he said, when I had been helped down. "Haven't you a grain of sense left?"

"Plenty of it; it was the horse that was lacking. I was all right as long as he let me stay on."

"Oh, you were"—with fine sarcasm

"Well, I suppose you're good for a week in blankets to pay for it. Knocked your good appetite silly, didn't it?"

"Come in to supper and I'll show you. I'm good for anything, from plate de foie gras to boiled dog."

It was three full days, and I had ennobled myself into a state of coma, before Macpherson would let me try it again, and when he finally consented we went together, ambling the length of his small kingdom and pausing only when the horses of the settlement came in sight from the brow of a low hill dominating the clustered farmsteads and the engineer's camp at Valley Head. I wanted to go on, but Macpherson shook his head.

"No; you've had enough, and more than enough, for one day. You forget that the nearest undertaker is at the fort."

"I forgot nothing. Give me that glass."

When I had focused the field glass he said: "What do you see?"

"I see the promise of a remarkably beautiful sunset."

"Is that all?"

"No; I see a log cabin which I take to be a schoolhouse. The door is open, and there is some one standing on the step—a young woman, I should say—" I dropped the glass and turned upon him quickly enough to surprise the beatific eagerness in his face.

"It's she," he said, rather sheepishly; and then: "Do you really think you could manage another mile or two and make out to get home alive?"

I laughed. His wistfulness was beautiful to behold. "I can do better than that; I can find my way back alone."

"And get thrown again—not much you don't. Besides, I want you to meet her."

"Do you? It's much better as it stands. You can tell me all sorts of affectionate little fictions about her and I shan't be able to contradict them."

"I wish you'd stop deviling me long enough to say yes or no," he growled.

For answer I led the way westward at a double, and ten minutes later we were climbing the schoolhouse knoll. The gallop had been wrought out in silence, but while the horses were breasting the hill, Macpherson said: "Of course, you understand that what I told you about the fracas with Wykamp must be as it had never happened?"

"My dear boy! Was I born yesterday? But you've seen her since, haven't you?"

"No; I thought she would—I thought perhaps it would be better to let it age a little, you know."

Here was embarrassment made to order, but I found comfort in the reflection that the chapter of accidents, helped out by a little tactful design on my part, would doubtless give me an opportunity to efface myself after the introduction.

Knowing Macpherson and his sterling worth, and remembering the proverbial blindness of lovers in general, I was prepared to criticize the school-mistress as the facts might warrant. But when she came to the door to greet us, I went over to the enemy, horse, foot and dragoons. I had pictured her as a young woman of the altitudes, schooled in the innocent little man-entangling arts of the girl-graduate; a woman of the broader world only by courtesy of a high-school diploma; a young person who would be careful to make the distinction in pronouncing "rise" the verb, and "rise" the noun, perhaps, with a cheerful disregard for the weightier solecisms. So ran the preconception, and when she came out to us the revulsion was sharp enough to be painful. More beautiful women than Winifred Sanborn there have been, doubtless, but never another more instantaneously lovable. She was of the chastened Puritan type, with a personality of grace rather than of strength; a young woman with a face and figure which might

have been a replica in flesh and blood of the calm-eyed maiden in the pictured idyl of Priscilla and John Alden. Gentleness, and high-breding, and an idealized standard of purity were hers by right of birth, one would say, since the witness of them was written large in every line of the sweet face and in the unashamed gaze of the steadfast eyes. I remembered the unworthy suspicion which Macpherson had refused to let me set in words, and did instant and ample penance for its harboring. Whatever might prove to be the windings of the labyrinth in which she seemed to be involved with Wykamp, this honest-eyed young woman must be held blameless in thought, word and deed.

Macpherson lighted his pipe in mid gallop and smoked upon it. At the end of the reflective interval he said: "I can't let you do it."

"Why?" I demanded.

"Because you're a sick man, and my friend. I should never forgive myself."

"Nonsense! If anything will serve

to keep me alive beyond the doctor's reprieve of six weeks or so, it's a bit of detective work which will keep me from counting the days. So you see the motive is selfish, after all."

"I see that you're the best friend a poor devil ever had."

"Don't flatter yourself. Two hours

out I should have let you wrestle

out of it as best you could."

"But now?"

"But now I have seen her; I'm her champion and none of yours, my dear boy. You're only an incident."

And then the undreamed-of truth

laughed out in a jest. "You can

thank your luck stars that I've one foot safe in the grave. Otherwise you might want to kill two men instead of one."

(To Be Continued.)

WHAT IF HE WON'T TALK?

"He'll be made to. A few minutes ago you gave him a Dantean blessing, and I told you that you are under bonds to keep the peace. I'm not."

Macpherson lighted his pipe in mid

gallop and smoked upon it.

At the end of the reflective interval he said:

"I can't let you do it."

"Why?" I demanded.

"Because you're a sick man, and my friend. I should never forgive myself."

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laughed out in a jest. "You can

thank your luck stars that I've one

foot safe in the grave. Otherwise you

might want to kill two men instead

of one."

(To Be Continued.)

TELLTALE COINAGE.

How the Man Identified the King
Although Never Having Seen
Him Before.

Apart from photographs and engravings, the faces of most rulers are familiarized to us by their images on the current coins of their countries, says the Boston Transcript. Female vanity is supposed to have been the cause of preserving Queen Victoria's girlish image on the coins and postage stamps of England until the last years of her reign, but hers was almost a solitary exception and the designers of coins generally aim at producing pictures of the heads of states on them as they really are. At the commencement of the present season, King Leopold was in Dieppe, and when strolling along the plage there he entered, according to his custom, into conversation with the men working on it. With one of these, whose accent showed him to be a Belgian, he spoke for a considerable time, and when he had left the man turned to his companions and said proudly: "That is my king." "He seems an old friend," said one of the other workmen, jestingly. "No," said the other, "I never saw him before." Asked the other, who was manifestly in doubt as to the truth of the Belgian's statement; but his doubts were quickly set at rest when the man to whom the king had spoken produced silently from his pocket and held up for his observation a Belgian franc bearing on it King Leopold's counterfeit presentment.

AMBLE AND SWEET REVIEWS.

A young Englishman who had been repeatedly and unnecessarily annoyed by the St. Malo custom house officials made up his mind to get even with them. The last time he had crossed he had brought a ferret over with him, and a minute or so before landing he transferred the creature to a black bag, which he carried with extreme care and an evident desire not to attract attention. This immediately fetched one of the douaniers, and he swooped down on it with joyful alacrity. Our young Englishman pretended not to understand the official, until the Frenchman made his meaning clear by unmistakable signs. Then he slowly and reluctantly unlocked the bag. The douanier plunged in his hand, and—but my pen lets me put it down to my pen's refusal to adequately describe the dramatic scene that ensued. Suffice it to say that the bare recital of it was balm to my wounded spirit. I only hope it was our friend at the custom house who made the ferret's acquaintance. Revenge is sweet—Continental Chit-Chat.

IN MARIE ANTOINETTE'S POCKET.

A historical relic of much interest has just been discovered among the archives of the department of the Seine. This relic is a list of the articles found in the pockets of the dress that the ill-fated Marie Antoinette wore at her execution. The articles were put to public auction for the benefit of Sanson, the public executioner. The first lot consisted of a small pocketbook in green morocco, containing a pair of pincers, a small corkscrew, a pair of scissors, a comb and a tiny pocket looking glass. The second lot was made up of three little portraits in green morocco cases, one of them being surrounded by a metal frame. The two lots sold a total of 10f. 50c.—Irish Times.

FRENCH PROVERBS.

The first and worst of all frauds is to cheat one's self.

To be happy one must have nothing to forget.

The slave is not she who is sold, but she who gives herself.

A good intention makes but a short ladder.

SOUNDS A KEY-NOTE.

President Ford's Speech Before Commercial Convention.

KENTUCKY MUST FORGE TO FRONT.

World's Fair at St. Louis Next Year Offers the State the Opportunity of a Century to Show All the People of the Earth What She Really Is.

During the recent State Commercial convention held in Louisville, one session was devoted exclusively to the work being done by the Kentucky Exhibit Association for adequate representation of the state at the World's Fair in St. Louis. The speech delivered by the President of the Association, Mr. A. Y. Ford, managing editor of the Courier-Journal, was "so full or eloquent facts, so eloquently spoken," as Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge expressed it later in the evening, that we have decided to give it to our readers. In part it is as follows:

The movement for an equitable representation of Kentucky at the great World's Fair, which is to mark the Centenary of the Purchase of the Louisiana Territory, appeals both to business interest and to patriotic sentiment.

It appeals to business interests, because no community more than Kentucky needs to have itself properly advertised to the world, not only for the correction of that false repute into which it has been brought by persistent and long-continued misrepresentation, but also in all the important structures in the material development of the country, it finds an unusual opportunity and a pressing necessity to demonstrate to the world of capital and of home-seekers the superior advantages which it offers as an undeveloped State, in which all the essentials of profitable development are to be found.

It appeals to sentiment, because the Kentuckian's characteristic pride in the achievements of the founders of the Commonwealth can find in all the inspiring history nothing more fit to inspire than the part which the men of this State have played in that marvelous national drama of expansion, of which the Louisiana Purchase was a part.

How could Kentucky forego her claim to a share in the glories of a region at whose birth into the Union she stood sponsor, created a part of this household of life?



A. Y. FORD,
President of the Kentucky Exhibit
Association.

erty through her instrumentality, peopled largely by her sons, bound to her by the tenderest ties of blood and interest—all in all one of the very richest of the jewels in her crown of Statehood.

But perhaps it is more in keeping with the spirit of an occasion like this to put sentiment to the fore. We hold that Kentucky should be at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition:

Because it has suffered inestimable injury from malicious misrepresentation;

Because it needs to be advertised to the world by something else besides its mountain feuds and its bitter politics;

Because it has been caricatured too long in the general ideal formed of it and deserves to be taken seriously. We like a joke all right, but we don't want it rubbed in too hard.

Because it is an undeveloped State, needing the good-will of investors and home-seekers and having that to offer them that will endure and repay investigation:

Because now is the time of times for putting ourselves right and keeping ourselves right before the business world, while this tremendous tide of material development is at its flood and men are seeking on every hand for profitable fields of activity;

Because, through ignorance of our own resources, we have suffered to them through lack of enterprise in presenting the truth about them to those who seek it; we have suffered ourselves to be outstripped as an industrial community by states that could not compare with us in natural advantages;

I know of no State that stands more in need of a protest in the name of truth than Kentucky. I know of no State that has been more persistently and unjustly maligned than Kentucky. I know of no State that has been much entreated such misrepresentation, recklessly giving itself occasion for it and careless of its opportunities for displaying its better side.

I am not an apologist for that which is wrong with us, and there is much in present conditions for which we should frankly take shame to ourselves, but the very existence of such things but emphasizes the necessity that we should be up and doing in the cause of our own redemption, to the end that these early glories of the State of which we boast so much may not be dimmed and dimmed or its future hampered by our sins. No country more than this individual should be overensitive to just criticism, but unchecked misrepresentation, long enough continued, makes reputation and it has made for us a reputation that has formed a barrier to the proper development of the State. It is a thing to be denied and rebuked with earnestness and dignity at every opportunity, not only as a matter of State pride but as a matter of State welfare.

In all the long roll-call of States not one important state will be missing, not one that can lay any claim to rank as an enterprising Commonwealth. Not one whose growth in wealth and population attests its energy and progressive spirit. There will be aligned the States that stand for progress, for enlightenment, for education, for leadership.

Shall Kentucky eliminate herself from such a company and say to the world that we not only repudiate the work our fathers

did in the cause of national expansion, but that we do not care to be ranked among the enterprising States, that we are wedded to our idols and that we want the busy world to look out of our mountain feuds, our political quarrels, our undeveloped wealth? That we don't want to be disturbed by the screech of factory whistles, that we don't want locomotives scaring our horses; that we don't want factories spreading soot over the landscape; that we'll keep our coal and our iron and our lead and zinc and fluorite where they are, for we don't want unlighted holes dug in the ground? What do we care if men waste money to invent pass us by for more hospitable States? What do we want with new population? It must not complicate the political situation. What need have we for electric lines? We've got one or two and the old carry-all will do for a while longer with a new spoke or two and an extra wrap on the shaft, when the roads are not too bad.

Men of Kentucky, that is the verdict that our indifference to this opportunity would both invite and justify, and it is a verdict that would baffle the State and its people. We have a few mossbacks yet, for I doubt not there are even horn bushes in the Garden of Eden. We have people who are comfortable only when going along in the well-worn ruts.

A reasonable State pride is well enough, but a State pride that does not express itself in emulative deeds is a hybrid thing, mere flourish and strut and silly pretense, gaining nothing but ridicule, and I fear that with some of our good people State pride has ossified into mere self-complacency, with the conviction that whatever is all right and that any suggestion of improvement is a suggestion of disloyalty.

And yet there is work to be done. For Kentucky is an undeveloped State with rich resources, and whatever stands in the way of the development of those resources—whether it be unwise laws, whether it be our own ignorance of these resources, or whether it be indifference at home and ignorance and misconception abroad—must be swept away.

With the largest known area of coking coal in the world, we produce only four-tenths of one per cent. of all the coke produced in the United States and, though we are not rapidly increasing our product, we yet rank only ninth as a coke producer, being in this respect outranked even by Massachusetts, which has coking coal at all, but with practically the same coal area as West Virginia, we mine annually only one-fourth as much coal. With twice the coal area of Alabama, we mine annually about one-half as much coal.

With splendid timber at our very doors, we send it North to be made into furniture and other articles and be shipped back to us.

With a splendid stock raising country about us, the annual product of our butchering and meat packing establishments is little more than one-tenth that of Indiana.

With vast fields of natural oil, we are only just beginning to develop them and have as yet not a single petroleum refinery in the State.

With a large part of our State so thickly populated as to invite the construction of interurban traction lines, we have only three such lines in operation, with a total of less than 40 miles of track, while our neighboring State of Indiana is already a network of interurban lines.

With twenty-eight counties wholly untouched by steam railways and others that are barely skirted by them, we built only 152 miles of railway from 1890 to 1900 and in 1901 only 33 miles, though the total new construction in the South in the decade was 1,530 miles, and in the United States 4,435 miles.

With vast deposits of iron ore, we have declined as a producer of pig iron, and in 1901 produced only a pitiful 28,000 tons, against Alabama's more than 1,200,000 tons. Yet twenty-five years ago the production of iron in the States was about equal.

In iron and steel manufactures, though our actual output has increased, our rank among the States has declined from seventh in 1870 to eleventh in 1880 and thirteenth in 1890, though we have improved our rank in the past ten years, having stood only sixteenth in 1890. In spite of the natural resources and advantages that should make us a great iron and steel State, we are outranked by such States as Maryland, Indiana and New Jersey, which can not compare with us in such advantages.

With vast deposits of the finest clays, whose value is becoming known to the trade and which we are at last, especially in Eastern Kentucky, beginning to appreciate and to develop, we still rank not better than fourteenth as a producer of clay products. Our improvement is shown by the fact that we ranked only twenty-second in 1890.

After having been all this time in ignorance of the fact that we had valuable deposits of lead and zinc and fluorite, we are just beginning the profitable development of these deposits—material that the commercial world needs and will pay a good price for.

With all the facilities and advantages that invite profitable manufacturing we have only within the past few years begun to make real progress, in a manufacturing State. In all the essentials—cheap and accessible raw materials, cheap and inexhaustible fuel, splendid transportation facilities, nearness to great markets, being within a short distance of the center of population, cheap and intelligent labor, and favorable climate, we yet rank only eighteenth as a manufacturing State.

I cite these facts in no spirit of detraction, but in support of my statement that Kentucky is an undeveloped State. I cite them in no spirit of disengagement, but rather to indicate the splendid field which we have to labor in—the possible results that wait only upon our will. I cite them in no spirit of disloyalty to the State we love, but rather because I would see it make greater haste toward that goal of material prosperity that is so easily within its reach.

I do not believe that I overestimate either the value of this exposition as a place for exploiting our State, or the necessity of thus advertising it. In this I am vindicated by the judgment of many Kentucky men, who, while they condemn the commercial world, nevertheless exhibit to their own enterprise. I am vindicated also by the fact that every civilized nation on earth is preparing to be represented and that Florida seems likely to be the only one of all our own States and territories that is not alive to the opportunity. You will observe that I am counting Kentucky in the list of progressives, for Kentucky must be there. It is to be the largest World's Fair yet attempted, covering nearly twice the area of the Chicago World's Fair, and backed by nearly \$200,000,000 of capital. Considered upon Kentucky as the most logical injection here, it takes the most of the opportunity here afforded to put before the world her invitation to those men of brain and brawn and capital who build up the industries of a great State.

It is the purpose of the Kentucky Exhibit Association to extend that invitation in a practical way—to demonstrate by striking displays and by every possible means of information the commercial value of Kentucky's resources and its advantages as a location for commercial and industrial enterprises.

W. T. Kane of Fallsburg is arranging an exhibit of Angora goat fleeces for the Kentucky display. He writes that he can furnish alfalfa grown 1,200 feet above the sea level.

The World's Men of Mighty Purpose

Inspiring Words on the Final Triumph of Truth, Right and Justice

By WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN

From "The Power of Truth," Published by Brentano's

CORRECT BREATHING.

How to Inhale and Exhale—Some Good Exercises.

The air in the bottom of many a pair of lungs is like the dead air in an unventilated cellar. A conscious effort must be made to expel the residual air at the base of the lungs for chest expansion, blood purification, radiant health and lasting beauty.

Deep breathing exercises, through the nostrils, never the mouth, should be practiced night and morning, says the New York News. Thorough respiration increases the red corpuscles of the blood and purifies the entire circulatory system.

Thorough respiration frees the lungs of the noxious carbon gas and bodily impurities thrown off in the form of watery vapor of the breath.

At least ten deep inhalations of fresh air should be taken upon or before rising every morning and the same be going to bed every night. These may be taken either in an upright or recumbent position.

If lying down, lie flat upon the back, arms extended, and slowly inhale through the nostrils. Try to fill every air cell of the lungs. The abdomen should rise first, then the chest, as the lungs become inflated. After holding the breath a little expel it slowly through the lips. Fill and empty the lungs as thoroughly as possible and try to realize that health, vitality, energy and beauty are in each incoming breath and impurity, weakness and disease are being discarded with every exhalation.

The breath is the life.

How to Clean Tortoise Shell.

Tortoise shell that has become dingy may be cleaned by wiping the article with a soft cloth, then rubbing well with a paste made of rotten stone and sweet oil, next applying jewelers' rouge and finally polishing with a piece of chamois. Treatment like this is not required often if shell pins and combs are polished frequently with chamois.

How to Drive Away Insects.

Bits of raw cotton or wadding saturated with the oil of pennyroyal and placed in corners, on closet shelves and in boxes or drawers will drive away several kinds of objectionable insects, cockroaches, ants, etc., says the Woman's Home Companion. Placed in a saucer in the windows, it will help drive away flies. Saturated pads of the pennyroyal placed between the mattress and around the bed will drive away the plague not given in the list of those with which Egypt was scourged for her sins. For this dreadful pest another excellent preventive and cure is an application to infested places of equal parts of kerosene and spirits of turpentine. Put the solution in the joints and cracks of the bed, about the surface and in any other places where the insects have found lodgment and fill all cracks with hard soap that can be so treated. This is an old fashioned and reliable remedy.

How to Make Clam Bouillon.

Cook a pint of clams fine and put them over the fire in a porcelain lined saucepan with their liquor. Simmer for five minutes; then add a pint of water, a dash each of mace, paprika and celery salt; strain, pour into cups and put a spoonful of whipped cream upon the surface of each cup of the bouillon.

How to Care For Hard Wood Floors.

Few housekeepers understand how to care for hard wood floors. Simple or elegant, there is but one mode of treatment. Never put a drop of oil of any kind upon them. If soiled, rub them off thoroughly with a flannel cloth wet with turpentine. When dry, apply a preparation of wax. When this is finished and dry, polish them with a cloth or brush made for the purpose until clear and shining, as the quality of the floor will admit. This carefully done will keep a wooden floor in perfect condition.

How to Cure Distemper.

Spray of buckthorn will cure dogs of distemper if given in time. Three or four doses should be given daily, and about a teaspoonful at a time. Let the animal sleep near the fire and feed it on hot milk until its appetite comes back.

How to Act In a Sick Room.

Never whisper in an invalid's room. To most people it is intensely irritating. If you want to say anything that is best not for the patient to hear, go into another room to say it. Don't allow household annoyances to be spoken of in the sick room. Only cheerful topics should be discussed. Remember that when a person is lying on his back he is deprived of the protection of his eyelids from the light; therefore blinds and curtains should be adjusted with this fact in view.

How to Brighten Metals.

There is nothing equal to finely sifted coal ashes for brightening metals of all kinds—brass, tin, copper, nickel. Rub over with a damp cloth dipped in the ashes.

How to Freshen Palms.

Wash the leaves of your palms with tepid water containing a few drops of glycerin and a little soapuds. This will open their pores and make them look fresh. Wash both sides of each leaf, the upper side because you like to see it shine, the underside that the plant may breathe, which function is performed by the underside of the leaves.

How to Dry Wet Gloves.

Gloves that have been wet should be allowed to dry in a cool room. When they are dry, the pliability may be restored by massaging them with olive oil.

An Animal Story For Little Folks

The Gentleman Boar

There was once a wild boar who was dissatisfied with himself because the people so often mistook him for a pig.

"I am not a pig, though I do look like one a little bit," he said to himself, "and I do not want people to think that I am a pig. But what am I to do? I can't run around all the time crying, 'I'm no pig; I'm a boar!'

"I know just what I'll do," said he. "I'll dress myself up and be a gentleman, and then people will not only not call me a pig, but they will see that I am a fine fellow."

So away he went to a hat store and bought himself a black hat, and at the tobacco shop he bought a pipe and a bag of tobacco. He put on his hat, and he stuck the pipe in his mouth, and just as proud as a peacock, he sat down on a corner and waited for people to come along and admire him.

But they came without admiring him. "What on earth is that thing?" they asked as they passed. And, strange to say, nobody answered that that was a



HE SAT DOWN ON A CORNER.

gentleman. Most of them said that he was a hog, and the others said he had no sense. So, after awhile, Mr. Wild Boar's grin turned to a pout, and finally he grew as mad as ever he could get.

But the worst came when the little animals gathered at a safe distance and laughed at him and threw stones over his way. The boar could endure it no longer. He slipped away into the woods, threw his tobacco in the creek and smashed his pipe into a thousand tiny pieces on a great big stone. Then he put a heavy stone in his hat and sank it to the bottom of the spring.

"I'll never try such a foolish trick as that again," he wisely said.

Moral—Fine clothes and tobacco smoke don't make the gentleman—Chicago Tribune.

An Animal Story For Little Folks

The Rooster's Golf Ball

Roosters are, as a rule, very sensible fellows, but they sometimes make mistakes just as we all do. Now, John Rooster was considered a real smart young man, and all the little chickens had him pointed out to them as an excellent model for them to mold their lives by. But John was not without error.

Among other things, he was very fond of golf, a game all of you young folks have heard of, but I doubt if many of you have played.

One certain day not long ago he was unlucky enough to lose all his golf balls by driving them into a wide swamp, from which it was impossible for him to recover them without getting stuck in the mire himself.

So John started for his home feeling rather bad that his sport had been interrupted in this manner. On the way he came to a little clump of bushes, and peering down behind it, he saw a nice white egg.

"Isn't that a pretty egg?" John asked himself. "Why should that not make a good golf ball?"

The idea seemed to him to be a good one, so he took the egg out of the



HE AIMED HIS GOLF STICK AT IT.

bushes and put it on a little knoll and aimed his golf stick at it. Then he brought the stick down with a crash, and of course you know what happened. The eggshell was broken into a thousand



A DEVOTED MOTHER.

If I had a little sick dolly,
I know what I should do;
I would tend it with care, and give it fresh
air.
And then to the doctor's too.
And then if the doctor should hand me
Some candy pills from the shelf,
And dolly said: "Oh, I can't take them—
not!"

I'd swallow them all myself,
For you know, of course, I could never use
tears,
So I'd swallow them all myself.

Yes, I'm a careful young mother.
When dolls are sick and weak
I forbid them to walk, I don't let them talk,
Nor even permit them to speak.
In winter I give them a straw ride,
Well wrapped up in each little elf,
And smiling to see with what vigor and
glee.

I am skipping and singing myself.
The unselfish and good wife mother
should
Do the skipping and singing herself.
—Ethelwyn Wetherald, in *Youth's Companion*.

WATCHING THE HERRING.

They Certainly Are the Queerest of Fish in Their Distaste of Cold and Cloudy Weather.

I had been watching the herring for an hour or more as they struggled through the sluice to the dam. The fall of the water over the gates was unusually heavy that day, as was also the run of herring. For a week they had been struggling in from the sea but to-day they poured in by thousands. The stream was clogged.

Something — their increased numbers and greater rivalry, perhaps — had

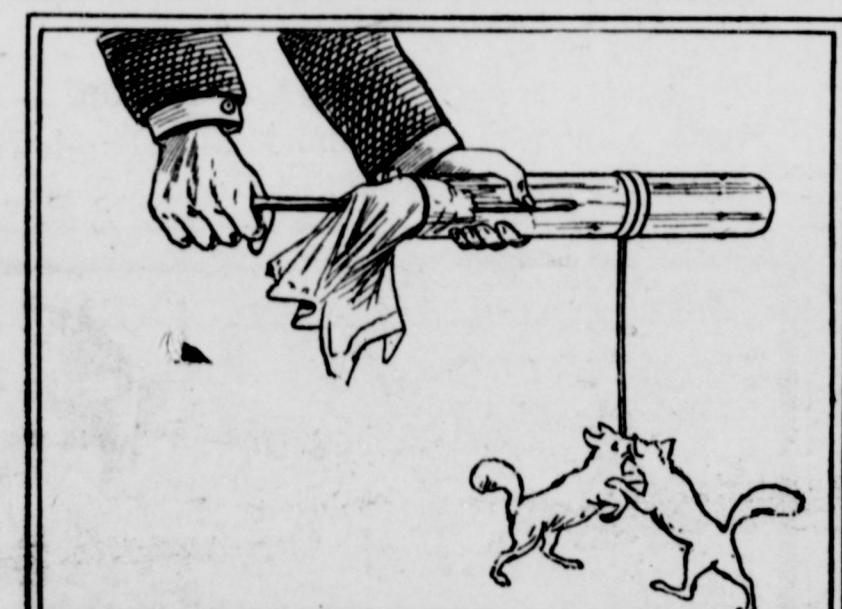


GOING UP THE STREAM.

noticeably excited the fish. They seemed electric with it. Perhaps this school had been delayed by the cold April weather, and now must reach the pond to lay their eggs and were in a hurry. Whatever the cause they certainly seemed to be in a hurry, for I had never seen them scramble over the shoals and over one another in quite this rush before.

The unusual excitement was less manifest in their mad rush upstream than in their still madder rush at the falls. On any running day a few of the stronger, bolder fish, finding their way barred by a four-foot dam, try to climb over through the down-pouring sheet of water. The vast majority, however — not unlike, I suppose, the

ELECTRIFIED LAMP CHIMNEY



A VERY simple but beautiful experiment may be made by any bright boy with a straight lamp chimney, the kind used with the Argand or the Weisbach gaslight. First cut a narrow strip of tin-foil and paste it around the chimney, in the middle. Then paste a strip of the same from one end of the chimney to within about half an inch of the band in the middle.

Now take a bristle brush, the kind made to clean lamp chimneys with, and over its bristles wrap a perfectly dry silk handkerchief. Hold the chimney in your left hand so that your fingers do not touch the tin-foil anywhere, and putting the silk-covered brush into the chimney, rub it briskly back and forth.

This part of the experiment should be made in the dark, and if, while rubbing the chimney, you take the brush out now and then, you will see, every time you do so, a big spark of electricity jump from one piece of tin-foil to the other. In other words, the friction made by the rubbing has turned the lamp chimney into an electrical machine.

Another pretty experiment, says the Brooklyn Eagle, may be made with this little device. Wrap a piece of iron or brass wire around the middle band of tin-foil, letting one end hang down five or six inches. To this end attach several strips of cigarette paper in a bunch. Now put the brush into the chimney at the opposite end to that used at first and rub it briskly. The electricity thus generated will go into the strips of paper, and make them stand out from each other as if they were alive and struggling to get as far apart as possible.

If the paper be cut out to form two cats, the result will be very interesting and amusing.

These experiments are best made in perfectly dry weather, and it is well, also, to warm both chimney and handkerchief at the fire.

majority of men — coming to the impossible barrier, stop in the easy pen built for them beneath the falls, and are content to be scooped out, for picking and fishbait, most of them, though a few are carried up in barrels to the spawning ponds.

But to-day it was different. Instead of the usual few there were many fighting to get over. I had watched them time and time again, but had never seen one pass the four feet of sheer falling water. In Wild Life Near Home, I have described how they would dart through the foam into the great sheet of water, strike it like an arrow, rise straight up through it, hang an instant in midfall, and be hurled back and killed, often, on the rocks beneath.

To-day I felt a new thrill as I watched them. Something of the evident excitement among the fish possessed me. I somehow knew that, as the horsemen put it: "The track was faster to-day" — that the swimmers were on their mettle, that a record would be broken.

The falls were all a-flash and a-glitter with the daring fishes. Not only was there a great number in the contest; there was also a much higher average jump than usual. Over and over again one would get within half a foot of the lip of the gate.

Soon I noticed that it seemed to be a certain fish that made this highest mark. I followed her as she fell back, and, though it was impossible through the foam and thick rush of other forms to keep her in sight, yet I am sure that each time she rose it was with a peculiar bound showing a particularly long, lithe body. And each time she fell, peculiar good luck attended, or else it was that her superior sense and training served her, for each time she landed just between or just beyond the rocks.

Again she flashed through the foam and hung, fixed like a silver arrow in the dark water just below the edge. Again she fell. I was excited. Flash! flash! flash! a score of the shining ones shot into the falls, when over them, above them, flashed the long, lithe form of the winner, striking one of the weaker rivals beneath her just as she reached her highest mark, and bounding sidewise from her, glanced over the dam and was gone.

The record was broken, and within five minutes, by the same curious happenings, another turned her silver side over the great hurdle and dived into the quiet pool beyond.

It is a rather paradoxical state of things that creatures like these fish hate cloudy, cold weather and rain and will not leave the ocean willingly for the shallow fresh waters unless the sun shines and the wind suits and the temperature is to their liking. There is some reason for the chickens' staying in when it rains; but what need have herrings of umbrellas? — Dallas Love Sharp, in *St. Nicholas*.

Naturally.

The Student — That fellow has his work cut out for him.

The College Man — What fellow?

The Student — My tailor — Harvard Lampoon.

They Do Them Brown.

"What do men do when they get in the legislature, pop?"

"Why, they do corporations. **BY SON** — Yonkers Statesman.

A Happy Faculty.

Young Tutter (to hostess) — I have had a very pleasant evening. But then I always manage to enjoy myself, no matter where I am — Life.

Why a Waterfall Roars.

The roar of a waterfall is produced almost entirely by the bursting of millions of air bubbles.

FROM ALL OVER THE STATE.

GRAY HADDIX MISSING.

He Disappeared from Jackson After Threats of Assassination.

Jackson, Ky., June 27.—Gray Haddix, who is the principal witness against Ed Tharp and Joe Crawford, charged with burning Ewen's hotel here, just after Ewen had testified against Jett and White, charged with the assassination of J. B. Marcum, it was reported Friday morning, is missing. Haddix has been under guard for a part of the time since the arrest of Crawford and Tharp. He was attacked once by two of the Hargis henchmen on the bridge, and they were sent to jail for assault with a pistol. Later he reported an attempt to burn his home in July down. A few days ago he told a soldier that he had been threatened with assassination if he testified against Crawford and Tharp before the special grand jury to be called here on July 29 to investigate the charges of arson and bribery. The town was quiet Taurday night.

Mrs. Ewen has rented a house and will attempt to carry out the contracts of her husband with the Hargises. The men they employed were turned out by people boarding them for fear of the Hargises, and now she says the men refuse to work on the contract, and she may not be able to complete it, after all.

THE SECOND REGIMENT.

The Balance of the Companies Will Be Called to Jackson.

Frankfort, Ky., June 30.—Gov. Beckham and Secretary of State Hill Monday afternoon, by counsel, answered the petition of the Commercial Press Co., of Louisville, and George Riley, its correspondent here, for a mandamus requiring that Riley be shown the pardon records of the department. Riley, it will be recalled, was ejected from the state department by Gov. Beckham on June 9, last.

This will relieve the state considerably, as the camp of instruction is especially necessary this year in advance of the combined maneuvers with the regular soldiers of the department of the lakes, which is to be held in this state in October next.

The companies at Lexington, Danville and Shelbyville and the batteries at Louisville have already had camp experience at Jackson, and the other companies of the Second will be called there during July or dates to be fixed by Adj't Gen. Murray.

The soldiers of the Third regiment will be camped somewhere in Western Kentucky for ten days in August, after the special court at Jackson closes.

EVENING CHURCH SERVICES.

For the First Time in Months They Were Held in Jackson, Ky.

They Do Them Brown.

"What do men do when they get in the legislature, pop?"

"Why, they do corporations. **BY SON** — Yonkers Statesman.

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Why a Waterfall Roars.

The roar of a waterfall is produced almost entirely by the bursting of millions of air bubbles.

FIRST TIME IN MANY WEEKS.

Judge Hargis Held Court in Jackson, Ky., Monday.

Jackson, Ky., June 30.—For the first time in many weeks County Judge Hargis Monday held court. Deputy Sheriff Doug Hays, one of the deputies under Callahan, arrested Joe Palmer and Sandy O'Connor Sunday for disturbing public worship in the county, two miles from here, and Judge Hargis fined them \$20 and costs each. Police Judge Cardwell held court again Monday, and had before him Tom Tharp on a charge of discharging firearms in the city limits. Tharp was taken up by the special grand jury July 20.

MISSING RAT AND HIT GIRL.

Lexington, Ky., June 27.—Mrs. E. C. O'Brien, of Memphis, mother of Claude O'Brien, the condemned murderer of A. B. Chinn, who has been circulating a petition in behalf of her wayward son, has succeeded in getting 38 names of Lexington business men signed to the petition.

Sold Examination Questions.

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Gameness Cost His Life.

Frankfort, Ky., June 29.—John D. Creighton, the noted horseman, of Omaha, Neb., and proprietor of Orchard Park farm, this city, arrived here from the west and is now selecting his racing string, which he proposes to ship in a few days.

Creighton After Horses.

Lexington, Ky., June 29.—Col. John D. Creighton, the noted horseman, of Omaha, Neb., and proprietor of Orchard Park farm, this city, arrived here from the west and is now selecting his racing string, which he proposes to ship in a few days.

Bride Only 14 Years Old.

Paducah, Ky., June 27.—J. C. Newhill, aged 34, and Miss Katie Smith, aged 14 years, were married here. Miss Smith is one of the youngest persons who ever secured marriage license in McCracken county.

If the paper be cut out to form two cats, the result will be very interesting and amusing.

These experiments are best made in perfectly dry weather, and it is well, also, to warm both chimney and handkerchief at the fire.

THE FEUDISTS FIGHT.

One Is Dead and Two Others Badly Wounded.

Jackson, Ky., June 29.—News reached here Sunday night of a fight in the edge of Breathitt county, near Daisy Bell, between the Barnetts and the Hackers, in which Hiram Barnett was killed and John Henry Hacker and Joe Hacker were wounded.

The trouble grew out of the Hargis Cardwell feud here and was over M's Lelia Burns, the pretty daughter of Joseph Burns and a niece of Burns Fitzpatrick, the Magoffin county man who hung the jury in the murder trial of Curtis Jett and Tom White here last week. The men involved all live in Magoffin county, but the trouble occurred in this county.

The men had met on Saturday night at the home of Miss Burns, and one of them told her that John Henry Hacker, with whom she was greatly in love, had said her uncle, Burns Fitzpatrick, came back to Magoffin county with a fine rifle after he had hung the jury in Jackson.

Hacker became furious, and in a few minutes the young men repaired to the front porch, and in all there were about a dozen shots fired with the above result.

THE PARDON RECORDS.

Petition of the Commercial Club Press Company Answered.

Frankfort, Ky., June 30.—Gov. Beckham and Secretary of State Hill Monday afternoon, by counsel, answered the petition of the Commercial Press Co., of Louisville, and George Riley, its correspondent here, for a mandamus requiring that Riley be shown the pardon records of the department. Riley, it will be recalled, was ejected from the state department by Gov. Beckham on June 9, last.

The answers are to the effect that Riley is not "reliable," that he was not "forcibly" ejected, and that the records have been open every day to the Commercial Press Co., and that it now daily takes advantage of it by sending a "reliable" man to inspect them. The governor also demurs to the petition for the reason that he is not custodian of the state department records.

RUN DOWN BY A TRAIN.

Riley Brock, Husband of Former Wife of Gen. C. M. Clay, Killed.

Versailles, Ky., June 30.—News has been received here that Riley Brock, aged 33, was killed by a train near Longview Ill. He was the husband of Dora Clay, the young country girl whose wedded life with Gen. Casius M. Clay lightened the burden of age on the "Sage of Whitehills" shoulders and formed one of the most romantic incidents in the venerable Kentuckian's life. Brock, a sawmill hand, married her, after she had separated from Clay. That Clay still had affection for his former girl wife is shown by the fact that he gave her a number of valuable articles and heirlooms.

SMACKED LIPS IN THE TUNNEL.

Mrs. Ella M. Barber Sues the Louisville & Nashville For Damages.

Lexington, Ky., June 27.—Mrs. Ella M. Barber filed suit Friday against the Louisville & Nashville Railroad Co. for \$5,000 damages. She alleges that she was insulted by male passengers on one of the company's trains while riding from Louisville to this city on Sunday, April 23 last. She states that she was the only lady in the coach, and that while going through a tunnel the men smacked their lips as if kissing some one, called to another up and down the car. "Quit your kissing, will you?" and made other remarks, to her shame and mortification.

Missed Rat and Hit Girl.

Owingsville, Ky., June 27.—On the Ragland oil field Paul Clifton, a merchant, was firing at rats with a pistol when a ball went through the wall of the store, glanced on a rock and struck Mary Gibbs, aged 10 years, in the left side of the head, penetrating about two inches. She is fatally hurt.

War On Slot Machines at Lexington.

Lexington, Ky., June 30.—The Fayette county grand jury, which has been in session all month, returned a batch of indictments to the court and had its time extended for another week. More than 100 saloon proprietors have been indicted for operating slot machines.

Hurt in a Railway Wreck.

Burgin, Ky., June 30.—A signal box light went out, causing a collision here between two sections of a Southern freight train. Fireman W. H. Morris, of Paris, Ky., was probably fatally injured and his certificate revoked.

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Necessary Expenses for Twelve Weeks' School.

Persons who board themselves can spend a much or little as they choose on living expenses. It pays to have a little extra money for textbooks, books, and other things. But the necessary expenses are only as follows:

8
Interesting Bits of News

GATHERED FROM A VARIETY OF SOURCES

Miss Grace Clark spent the week in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Miss Ruth Todd returned here from Oberlin last Thursday.

The public schools of Berea will open Monday, July 13, at 8 o'clock A. M.

Miss Clyde Shepherd, of Celina, O., is spending the week with her friend Mrs. C. L. Hanson.

Mrs. C. C. Rhodus returned Sunday from two weeks' visit with relatives and friends at Hamilton.

Mrs. Marsh and two small children left Monday for Knoxville to join Prof. Marsh. They will remain five weeks.

Walter Robe went yesterday to Peoples, Ohio, to spend a week with his brother, Dr. O. W. Robe.

Mrs. S. L. Hoag, Mrs. W. G. Frost and Mrs. J. J. Brannaman were guests at J. C. Armstrong's near Kingston on Friday.

Helen Kneeland and Fannie Dowden went Monday for a two weeks' visit with their friend Nannie Ames near Kingston.

Mrs. G. T. Spencer is making an extended visit with Mr. Spencer's parents at Halloway, Hastings county, Ontario, Canada.

Mrs. H. M. Jones is in Knoxville this week, where she will lecture in connection with the summer school of the University of Tennessee.

Coley I. Ogg, the photographer, lost a black coat Tuesday on the Berea and Paint Lick pike. The finder will please return to him or this office.

Mrs. L. M. Pettus was called to Crab Orchard last Thursday on account of the sickness of her mother. She returned Sunday, leaving her mother much improved.

Prof. J. W. Dinsmore will occupy the pulpit at the Union church Sunday morning. The communion service will be postponed one week, when President Frost will preach.

Prof. L. V. Dodge went Tuesday to Lexington, where he will attend the seventeenth annual session of the Kentucky Chautauqua. President and Mrs. Frost will also occupy a tent there.

On last Friday morning for the first time black smoke began to pour from the high chimney of the Men's Industrial building, causing Berea to take on more of the aspect of a manufacturing center.

John Kirkpatrick, of Oak Park, Ill., and his cousin, John Barton, of Lancaster, Garrard county, Ky., were the guests of Prof. and Mrs. Dodge Sunday evening. Mr. Barton was formerly a student here.

Prof. A. S. Hill, formerly a resident here and a teacher in the College, was a visitor here for a few days this week. Prof. Hill is now editor of the *Whitley News* as well as the Principal of Williamsburg Academy.

The young people of the Union church gave Dr. and Mrs. Burgess a farewell social at the home of Prof. Jones last Friday evening. Dr. Burgess and family leave to-day for their old home at Foster, Rhode Island, followed by the best wishes of a host of friends.

The Union church has extended a call to Rev. A. E. Thompson, of Lorain, Ohio, to become its pastor, and it is probable that he will accept. Rev. Thompson endeared himself to the congregation and community during the series of evangelistic services in which he assisted two years ago last winter.

Next Sunday at the Baptist church: a. m. "How to be Happy," p. m. Confessing Christ." The Lord's Supper will be administered at the morning service. The regular monthly business meeting to-night at 7:30. The first lesson in the Bible Class conducted by the pastor, Saturday evening 7:30, and song practice immediately after.

Mrs. Cornelius, wife of Dr. P. Cornelius, died last Friday morning after a lingering illness of some weeks. The funeral services were held at the house at 2:30 P. M. of the same day, conducted by Rev. H. J. Derthick and Dr. G. A. Burgess. Interment in the Berea cemetery followed. The deceased leaves her husband and two children, Grace and Bert, to mourn her loss.

RESOLUTIONS

By the First Church of Christ, Berea.

WHEREAS, the Rev. G. A. Burgess, D. Q., for the past two and a half years Pastor of this Church, feels impelled to offer his resignation, in order to look after the interests of aged parents in his native New England—

Therefore, we reluctantly accept his resignation, deeply regretting the departure of himself and his estimable wife. As Pastor, he has been earnest and faithful in proclaiming the truth, spiritual-minded in conducting the devotional exercises of church and prayer circle, courteous and genial in all relations, generous in gift, self-sacrificing in service, sympathetic in personal ministrations, a friend of all who were in need, and the soul of honor on all occasions.

During his pastorate the Church, assisted by evangelists, has enjoyed three great revivals, which have largely increased its membership and influence, and has erected a new house of worship. He has quickly won the respect and esteem of the entire community; and in his departure he and his wife will be followed by the love and prayers of the church which he has so efficiently served.

L. V. DODGE,
Com. for Church | **T. J. OSBORNE,**
W. G. FROST.

GLADE CONVENTION.

The program is being printed for the Glade District Sunday-school convention to be held at Wallacetown on Saturday, the 11th inst. It bids fair

to have the greatest variety of speakers and exercises of any district con-

vention ever held in the county. It

will give great impetus to the Sun-

day school work. All interested in

the noble cause are urged to give

the day to this gathering and to be there

by 9:30. If all families in the Glade

District will bring lunches, it will be

light on the people of the neighbor-

hood. Simplicity in dinner arrange-

ments is suggested.

College Items

HERE AND THERE

Mr. Terrill Jasper, after spending some time in canvassing, is now working on a farm near Mintonville, Ky.

Miss Isabella Williams is spending her vacation in Hinsdale, Ill. She expects to be in school again next winter.

Bristol Taylor will teach school at Hemlock, Knott county, this summer and fall. He left for that place last Thursday.

President Frost delivered two addresses at the meeting of the Southern Educational convention at Knoxville last week.

Tutor C. D. Lewis is attending the summer school of the University of Tennessee at Knoxville, and will be joined by Mrs. Lewis soon.

Miss Rose McFarren, who has been taking the course for trained nurses, went to her home at Pine Hill Friday where she will teach her first school, returning to Berea next winter.

Ralph Field, who took the course in Forestry here two years ago and who has since been employed in that department by the U. S. government, has been ordered to South America, and is already on his way.

Mrs. M. S. Owens, who has been installed as superintendent of the Hospital, although a Southern woman, received her training at St. Luke's hospital in Chicago. She has already made a host of friends here.

Mr. W. H. Badger, graduate of Berea 1896, with his wife, who was also a student in Berea, after teaching a year in the Philippine Islands, died there. Mrs. Badger is now at Barracks B., Malate, P. I., where she is teaching.

At the field day exercises held Friday, June 19, during the students conference at Asheville, N. C., where 85 colleges were represented, Paul Derthick took first in the half mile run and third in the 440 yd. dash. These were the only honors taken by Kentucky except a second in the shotput by Edmunds, of Central University, though twelve colleges of the State were represented.

Neighborhood Happenings

No correspondence published unless signed in full by the writer. The name is not for publication, but as an evidence of good faith. Write plainly

ROCKCASTLE COUNTY.

ROCKFORD.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Stephens and John and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Rich were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McCollom Sunday.—Wheat harvesting is about over in this locality.—Misses May, Reey, Bertie and Bernice Todd were the guests of Misses Bessie and Nora Linville Saturday night.—Mr. and Mrs. Tom Ogg and children, of Walnut Meadow, visited Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Martin Sunday.—I. L. Martin and wife visited Squire J. M. Reynolds Saturday night.—J. Todd is on the sick list this week.—Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Stephens visited on Davis Branch Sunday.—Miss Ray Alman visited Miss Vergie Martin Saturday and Sunday.—Squire J. M. Reynolds, who has been sick, is slowly improving.—Mrs. Maggie Laswell and children, of Orlando, is visiting relatives on Clear Creek.—Rev. J. W. Lambert filled his appointment at Macedonia Saturday and Sunday.—Your correspondent visited Mrs. J. J. Martin Saturday.

MCCRACKEN.

Crops are looking very well in this neighborhood considering the weather.—Sherman Chasteen and Charles Scott, of this place, received first grade certificates in the June examination.—"Uncle Will" Chasteen is remodeling his house.—Willie Chasteen called on his best girl last Sunday.

MADISON COUNTY.

WALLACETON.

On account of the respondent being absent, there has been no Wallacetown news for a few weeks.—Mrs. Joe Wallace is very ill at this writing.—Mr. Milton Baker and family, of Ohio, have been visiting Mr. Baker's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Baker.—Mrs. Edd Elkin and niece Lillie Elkin, of Glade, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Elkin Sunday week.—Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Baker visited friends and relatives in Mt. Vernon Saturday and Sunday of last week.—Mr. and Mrs. George Rogers are rejoicing over the arrival of a baby girl at their home.—Miss Fannie and Jennie Todd visited friends at Cynthiana last week.—Mr. and Mrs. Lon Stoner have moved to the Al. Moberly place.

VALLEY VIEW.

Dr. Sanford, of Cincinnati, is here with his big show this week, and is drawing large crowds every night.—Mrs. Howe, the old lady, who has been in poor health for some time, is dead. She leaves a husband, besides grown children and many friends to mourn her death.—John Clark and son June went to Lexington on business Monday.—Katie Herald has gone to the mountains in the hopes of regaining her health.—A new pike is being built out of Valley View, extending one mile toward the mouth of Silver Creek.—Rev. Combs, a Christian preacher, began meetings here Monday night. We hope he will meet with good success.—Mat Lamb and two sons, Tom and Green, are working on the lock at this place.

MASON COUNTY.

MAYSVILLE.

Mrs. Anna Whaley and Misses Nannie Wood and Frankie Whaley with George Hinton have returned from Wilberforce, Ohio.—Miss S. Dunkins, of E. Fifth Street, died Sunday morning of consumption. Her funeral was held at the Plymouth church.—Mr. James Mundy, of the East End, is indisposed at this writing.—Rev. O. A. Nelson, R. H. Porter and wife and Mrs. Hattie Anderson and Miss Frances Strawder attended the Sunday-school convention held at Lexington during the past week, and report one of the most successful sessions ever held. Its next session will be held with the Plymouth Baptist church of this city.—Mrs. L. Henderson spent Sunday at Orangeburg with friends.

GARRARD COUNTY.

CARTERSVILLE.

We are having fine growing weather at present.—Farmers are very busy stacking their wheat. It proves to be very good in this neighborhood.—Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Hammack visited their children at Paint Lick Tuesday.—Mr. and Mrs. John Wells and children, also Mrs. E. L. Koehler and children, of East Bernstadt, visited Mrs. Fannie Koehler several days last week.—Mrs. Mary Koehler and

children, Mrs. Tom Green and Mrs. Mary Hammack spent Thursday with Mrs. J. C. Napier.—Griggs & Hammack, of Paint Lick sold, John Wells a nice family surrey for \$85. They are selling their big lot of buggies very fast.—Preaching at Leavel Green second and third Sundays.—There is talk of protracted meeting commencing first Saturday in August.

JACKSON COUNTY.

A. H. Williams, a prominent merchant, of Aleorn, is back from Winchester, Ky., and reports a pleasant visit.—The teachers' examination held at McKeen June 19 and 20 resulted as follows: five first class; nine seconds; two thirds and two failures.—The teachers, of this county, will please remember the time of our institute, July 6-10.—A. B. Rose, one of our most prominent farmers, is building a very nice dwelling house. Mr. Rose is setting a good example for his neighbors.—Patrons, get your boys and girls ready for school July 13, as that is the time your schools will begin.—The recent rains are making the farmers wear a broad smile.—Sunday-schools are very scarce in this county at this time. It is hoped that every teacher will conduct a Sunday-school at his schoolhouse this fall.

FUN AND FACTS.

Horses and cattle are included in the ordinance of the stock laws of the town of Berea. Tom Baker and E. Moran have been appointed deputy stock marshals.

W. J. TATUM, Town Marshal.

For Sale.
A house and lot situated on Big Hill pike in Berea, Ky. For price and further information write to Mrs. BETTIE JONES, 901 North B. Street, Hamilton O.

This office is in receipt of the latest time table folder of the Louisville, Henderson and St. Louis Railway (Henderson Route). The folder is an especially neat and attractive as well as complete edition. The Henderson Route is the St. Louis World's Fair line for 1904. L. J. Irwin, Louisville, Ky., is the general passenger agent and will answer any letters inquiry concerning this line.

"Strength and vigor come of good food, duly digested. 'Force,' a ready-to-serve wheat and barley food, adds no burden, but sustains, nourishes, invigorates."

WANTED—Young Men to prepare for Government Positions. Fine Openings in all Departments. Good Salaries. Rapid Promotion. Examinations soon. Particulars free.

Inter-State Cor. Inst.

Cedar Rapids, Ia.

Clean old newspapers, 5¢ a package at the CITIZEN office.

Card of Thanks.

At its June meeting Capt. James West Post, G. A. R. passed a vote of thanks to the College, the College band, the choral classes, and the citizens who contributed so largely to the pleasure of the old soldiers, on Memorial and Decoration days.

W. H. Rose, Adjutant.

A GREAT OFFER.

Daily Louisville Times, Weekly Courier-Journal, and The Citizen Six Months for \$1.50.

By special arrangements we will send THE CITIZEN and Weekly Courier-Journal and Daily Louisville Times, all three, for six months to the same or separate addresses for only \$1.50. The price of the Louisville Times alone for six months is \$3.00, thus giving you three papers for half the price of one. This offer is for a limited time only and is made to old as well as new subscribers of THE CITIZEN. If you are an old subscriber we will give you credit for 50¢ on your subscription. Address all orders, with \$1.50 inclosed, to THE CITIZEN, Berea, Ky.

JAMES W. RACER, Editor.

NOTICE.

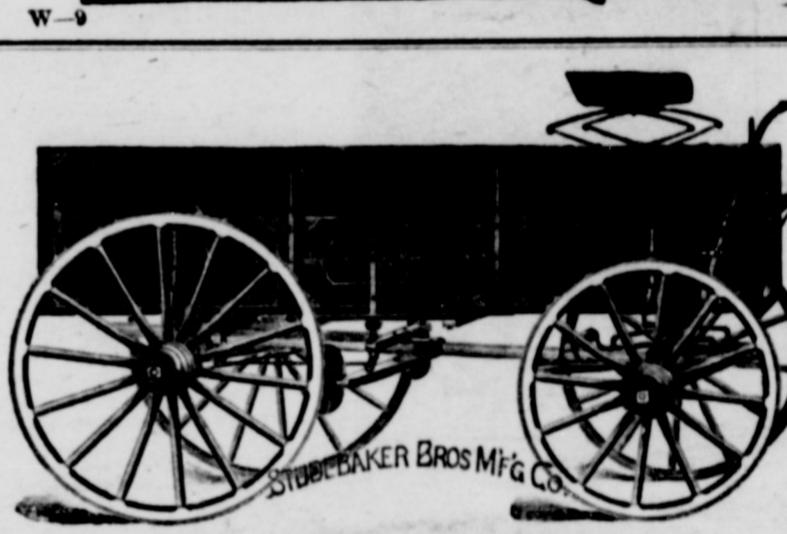
All persons having claims against the estate of B. C. Richardson are hereby notified to file same with me properly verified for payment on or before August 25, 1905, at the Berea Banking Company's Bank in Berea, Ky., or same will be barred.—W. H. PORTER, Adm'r. Da bonis non; B. C. RICHARDSON, Estate.

This space has been purchased by The Students Job Print-Printers of The Citizen.

Jim Dumps' physician once fell ill.
Said he: "I'll have no draught or pill."
Said Jim: "Ho, ho, you're on the shelf,
You who cure others, cure yourself."
Then Jim sent up some "Force" to him,
"That's what he needs," quoth "Sunny Jim."

'Force'
The Ready-to-Serve Cereal
for doctor and patient.

Has eaten Three Cases.
"I was attacked last May by appendicitis. As I showed signs of recovery doctor and I began to cast around for a suitable diet and as a result we fell upon 'Force,' which has been a wonderful boon to me. I have eaten almost three cases." H. H. MILLER.



WAIT FOR THE WAGON

Did you spend your childhood in the country?

The engineer with his hand on the throttle of the Empire Express. The admiral on the quarter deck of a war ship, King Edward on the throne, may glow with pride and pleasure, but their feelings are tame in comparison with the unutterable delight that thrills the small boy, who is permitted unassisted to climb the wheel and perch on the seat of a STUDEBAKER WAGON. I am proud to sell it.

S. E. WELCH, JR.

J. J. Brannaman

Well-selected stock of

Groceries, Dry Goods and Notions.
Men's and Women's Shoes and Rubbers.

Prices right. Agent for Naven Laundry.

Accidents Happen Daily!



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FIRST AID TO THE INJURED.
Is a quick RELIEF and guaranteed CURE for Burns, Cuts, Bruises and all Inflammations. It relieves at once by drawing out the Inflammation, Cooling, Soothing and Healing the injured parts.

Every man, whether employed in Office, Shop or Factory should always keep a bottle of PARACAMPH close at hand. It saves Time, Trouble and Pain. Remember, if you are not satisfied after using Paracamph, your money will be refunded.

SOLD ONLY IN 25c, 50c. AND \$1.00 BOTTLES.

AT ALL GOOD DRUGISTS.

For sale by S. E. WELCH, Druggist